

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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} From Beginning,
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THE ROSE.

VERY close to death he lay,
The keen eyes were waxing dim,
And he heard the whisperers say :

"Time grows very short for him ;"
And the far-famed healer knew,
No hand that waning light could trim.

There was nothing left to do ;
Yet, a want was in his eyes ;
Love has instincts quick and true.

One who loved him saw it rise,
That last yearning — forth she went,
Calm in solemn sympathies,

O'er the red rose bed she bent,
The roses that he loved the best,
For their charm of hue and scent.

She chose the fairest from the rest,
Plucked it very tenderly,
Laid it on the sick man's breast.

The deft hand hung uselessly ;
The voice would never speak again,
But she read the grateful eyes,

And knew her guess was not in vain ;
For a moment satisfied
Was the look ; then, slowly, pain,

Baffled longing, human pride,
Thoughts of sweet lost hopeful years,
Blent with power that struggling died ;

Mocking doubts, and lurking fears,
In the laboring bosom woke,
And the sudden rush of tears

As the silent spirit spoke,
Drowning all the paling face,
In a passionate torrent broke.

There was silence in the place,
Quiet lay the unconscious flower,
And God took him to his grace,
Our God, who reads the dying hour.

All The Year Round.

COMPTON PLACE.

FAIR beeches, though your brother trees
In forests stand so proud,
Yet here the fierce winds from the seas
So oft your heads have bowed,
That still, when softer airs prevail,
Your tops seem bending from the gale.

With salt dews from the sea-foam wet,
By many a tempest torn,
Scarred trunks and twisted limbs show yet
What terrors ye have borne ;
Nor any years can now undo
What the past years have done to you.

Yet, when the spring is in the land,
And bright the heaven o'erhead,
In sullen gloom ye will not stand,
Though life's best hopes be dead ;
New leaves break forth from buds unseen,
Till all the wood is clothed in green.

Fair souls, that from your high intent
By bitter fate are barred,
Though past all hope your lives be bent,
And past all healing scarred ;
Yet learn of these, to do as they, —
Not what ye would, but what ye may !
Spectator. F. W. B.

ECHO.

QU'EST-CE que le minître ?

Mystère.

A quoi faut-il se fier ?

Renier !

De quelle façon dois-je vivre ?

Ivre !

L'amour dure-t-il toujours ?

Un jour.

Sais-tu le cœur des femmes ?

Flammes !

Du jeune amant le songe ?

Mensonge.

Des vieillards la sagesse ?

Faiblesse.

Les profondeurs de l'âme ?

Femme !

De l'art classique les charmes ?

Larmes.

L'école des "esthétiques" ?

Cyniques !

Les contes de Rabelais ?

O gai !

Temple Bar.

A SINGING LESSON.

FAR-FETCHED and dear-bought, as the proverb
rehearses,
Is good, or was held so, for ladies : but nought
In a song can be good if the turn of the verse is
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

As the turn of a wave should it sound, and the
thought
Ring smooth, and as light as the spray that
disperses
Be the gleam of the words for the garb thereof
wrought.

Let the soul in it shine through the sound as
it pierces
Men's hearts with possession of music un-
sought ;
For the bounties of song are no jealous god's
mercies
Far-fetched and dear-bought.

Athenæum.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE normal Englishman certainly is not a philosophical animal. Metaphysics in his conception mean nonsense, and theory castles in the air. Even in practical matters compromise is his compass, and the assertion of a great principle apt to excite his suspicion. Nor has he any cause to be ashamed of this negative feature of his otherwise sufficiently positive character. The people that produced Shakespeare and Lord Bacon, and all that those two names imply in modern art and science, need not be ashamed of any deficiency in the complete circle of human perfections. It is not given to any race to be great all round. The Romans conquered the Greeks and all the world in one direction, but the Greeks conquered the Romans and all the world in another. Even in individuals, where nature is free to put forth her greatest strength, many-sidedness does not mean all-sidedness. The wonderful combination in the great German poet-thinker of poetical sensibility, scientific acuteness, speculative depth, practical sagacity, and knowledge of affairs, is justly admired; but even Goethe ignored mathematics, and turned his back on the French Revolution and modern Liberalism in all its shapes, as decidedly as Plato did on Athenian democracy, and all that the word democracy implies in the history of human civilization. But whatever divine and generally incompatible excellencies may be heaped on a few individuals, the masses of men, growing up into nations, are always moulded after a more or less one-sided type. In this region the maxim of Spinoza applies with unqualified force — *omnis affirmatio est negatio*. The affirmation of one tendency in any associated body of men implies the negative of its opposite; and so a people predominantly practical and political, like the ancient Romans and the modern English, will not shine in speculation. Curiously, the Germans owed the great glory which they have gained as the leaders of speculative thought in Europe to their having been shut out, till quite recently, from the sphere of political action, which to nine-

tenths of the English people exhausts the greater part of their intellectual functions and their social energy. What is the philosophy of the British people, or rather what voice of philosophy among the British people, makes itself most audible at the present moment? Likely enough the noise which is made by the flapping of the bird's wings is not exactly a measure of the significance or the potency of its flight; but no doubt the kind of philosophy, or would-be philosophy, that one most frequently encounters in the current speculation of the hour, is of an extremely one-sided and inadequate character — what we may most fitly characterize as Baconism run mad, or Baconism divergent from its proper sphere, and rushing with an extravagant sweep into a region with which it has nothing to do. The Baconian philosophy, however catholic its conception might have been in the mind of its author, has acted in this country mainly as a corrective to the evil habit inherited from the Greeks of explaining physical phenomena by constructive theories, rather than by accurate observation and careful induction; and the action of this corrective has been so drastic and its results so brilliant, and, in not a few directions, so useful to society, that men have allowed themselves to be run away with by this word induction, as if it were the one talisman by which any reliable truth of great human value could be attained. And not only induction in the widest sense of the word, but the special kind of induction that is active in physical science — viz., induction *ab extra*, or by fingering, weighing, and measuring of ponderable materials or measurable forces — has been allowed to usurp the province that in the nature of things belongs to deduction; while that which lies at the root both of induction and deduction — viz., mind or *λογος*, eternal, self-existent, self-energizing, self-plastic reason, recognized alike by the wise Greeks and the inspired Hebrews — has been disregarded and altogether thrown aside. It is in the domain of morals and æsthetics that the inadequacy and absurdity of the inductive method comes most prominently into view. Not from any fingering induction

of external details, but from "the inspiration of the Almighty," cometh all true understanding in matters of religion, morals, and beauty. All moral apostleship and all high art come directly from above and from within, and their laws are not to be proved by an external collection of facts, but by the emphatic assertion of the divine vitality from which they proceed.

These remarks apply to Great Britain generally, England as well as Scotland, but there is a specialty in regard to this latter country which, in a general estimate of British æsthetical philosophy, cannot be omitted. Scotland, as is well known, had its school of philosophy, illustrated by the name of Reid and Stewart, Hume and Hamilton, not indeed standing in the van of modern speculative thought, like the army of great thinkers, represented by Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel; but still of sufficient significance to warrant the hope of a reasonable philosophy of the fine arts to have been promulgated there. But, however satisfactory it may be to think that the large and capacious intellect of Sir W. Hamilton, in a quiet way, protested against the shallow æsthetics so long fashionable in his native city,* it is none the less true that the Scotch philosophy, in its general action, has tended rather to degrade than to elevate the theory of the fine arts as an independent domain of speculative inquiry. The fact is, the Scotch are, of all modern peoples who have obtained any fame in poetry, perhaps the most unæsthetical; they have produced some writers of first-class excellence, and in these latter days landscape painters not unworthy of the picturesque country which gave them birth; but, taking the people overhead, there can be no doubt that a certain prosaic practicality and hard realism give the dominant tone to their character; and whatever of the beautiful in art, or the tasteful in decoration, may now be visible amongst them, always excepting their lyric poetry and their landscape painting, is imported and artificial, not the natural growth of the soil. In one department — architecture — in which notable improvement has re-

cently been made, the Scotch stood below even the lowest standard that ever prevailed in England. The beauty of church architecture in England, even during the supremacy of pseudo-classicality, kept alive amongst the people a genuine native taste for the graces of stone-work; but in Scotland ecclesiastical architecture existed only in a few elegant minds, used as an occasional stimulant to a sentimental verse, but not as a living fount of healthy action. We must consider also that the extreme form of Protestantism, which struck such deep root in the Scottish soil, is in its nature, if not doctrinally antagonistic, practically averse to any acknowledgment of the divine right of the beautiful. The majority of Scotsmen even at the present hour, we apprehend, would object to paintings in the churches, for the same reason that they object to instrumental music — viz., because both sacred pictures and instrumental music are largely patronized by the pope. Not to mention a certain ethical hardness which long-continued religious persecutions under the Stuarts worked into the bones of the nation, the theology of Calvin impressed on the piety of the people the type of stern volition rather than of elevated enjoyment. The religion of the Scot at its best rejoiced in producing strength of character, exhibited in an earnest life, rather than in the appreciation of the beautiful in nature issuing in works of art. To the Scotch Calvinist nature has no sacredness, art no divinity, and this not only among vulgar religionists, but to a great extent among the best-educated classes. The proof of this lies in the once largely current association theory of beauty, which had its birth in the first decade of the present century under Alison, an Episcopal clergyman, the father of the historian, and Jeffrey, a clever barrister and reviewer, in the metropolis of the north, and which, even now, may be found haunting the back chambers of the brain of some old Edinburgh Whigs, who take their notions on æsthetical subjects from the old edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*

* See the evidence in the preface to my book on Beauty, Edinburgh, 1858.

* In the old edition of this great work, under the article "Beauty," seven distinct reasons for the pleas-

This theory was merely a revival, under the depressing influences of the last half century, of the sceptical doctrine taught by the Greek sophists in the fifth century B.C., to the effect that τὸ καλόν in art, as in morals, was merely a matter of individual feeling, local convention, or arbitrary fashion; a doctrine which, as every one knows, was effectively opposed by Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and all the great leaders of Hellenic thought. Looked at as a contribution to mental philosophy, it is one of the most transparent sophisms that ever sprung out of a shallow soil, and waved its crop of twinkling leaflets for an hour and a day in the sun of ignorant applause. The function of association in the domain of poetry and the arts is obvious enough. Associations of every kind, some necessary, some accidental, some noble and elevating, some low and degrading, cling to words as naturally as the snow clings to the roof when it is drifted by the blast; and it is part of the art, or, as we should prefer to say, of the cultivated and trained inspiration of the poet, so to handle his words, as constantly to select those which are most rich in noble associations, and to avoid those which cannot be used without calling up a coarse, trite, vulgar, or too heinous adjunct. And here we see at a glance how it is that men of great talent and undoubted genius sometimes fail in making the desired impression on their audience; they are destitute of the fine perception of the humorous which teaches a man in his serious addresses to steer clear of images and expressions which, being deeply seated in the popular ear, are ever at hand to jump up and turn the sublime into the ridiculous. In actual life, association often plays the very pleasant and profitable part of making ugly things appear less ugly, or even, if the associating force be very strong, quite beautiful. A very plain cottage, for instance, with not a single architectural feature to raise it from the category of mere masonry, if pleasantly situated, under the shade of graceful leafage, and with roses or wild

creepers decorating its porch, especially if it has been the scene of bright youthful memories, may appear beautiful by virtue of its accompaniments and associations; but neither the accompaniments nor the associations can change its nature: if ugly, it remains ugly, only the ugliness is masked; and it receives from the superficial observer the praise of beauty by an altogether illegitimate transference of the beauty of the adjuncts to the object itself; as if a plain woman exceedingly well dressed, should be called beautiful by a person whose eyes had been taken captive and his judgment tricked by the grace and brilliancy of her attire. One of the most popular arguments of the association sophists is taken from the diversity of tastes existing amongst men, with regard, for instance, to female beauty. The *Venus*, who is the horror of the Greeks, is the admiration of the Hottentot. But to observations of this kind it is sufficient to reply that, in a vast and various world, peopled with divers creatures of limited capacity, all sorts of false and inadequate sentiments and judgments will be found somewhere; that custom in æsthetics, as in morals, often deadens the sense to the perception of excellence; and that in no case can it be allowed to make an induction of the truth of things from low and degenerate types, but rather samples from types which are the growth of the finest instincts and the highest culture. It may be that a wandering Highland tramp, with a screeching bagpipe under his arm, honestly believes that his reels and Strathspeys, which grate so cuttingly on a cultivated ear, are more sweet and pleasing than the most honeyed airs of Bellini, or the subtle harmonies of Beethoven; but no association sophist has yet been mad enough to bring forward such a case as a proof that the divine art of music has no concords, against which a Highland tramp with a broken bagpipe, or an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, may not legitimately protest. The fact is that, where there is a fundamental want of seriousness in the mind, any sophism, however superficial, and however contrary to the healthy instinct which guides common life, will pass for

ing effect of Greek architecture are given, of which symmetry is not one!

an argument; and, as for Scotland, it lies on the surface of its intellectual history, that at the time when Alison and Jeffrey gained an ephemeral celebrity by the setting forth of their association theory, the Edinburgh mind, in the whole department of æsthetics, was a sheet of blank paper on which any ingenious theorist could write any nonsense that he pleased with applause.

Let us now take one of our best-known and most easily appreciated of the fine arts — viz., architecture — and see how in this case the beautiful arises out of the necessary and the useful, by an obvious law of natural gradation and necessary subordination. A building erected so as to achieve the primary necessity of all habitable domiciles, protection from wind and weather, fulfils the laws of mere masonry; it may be the most crude, like the masonry of the lowest style of Irish crofters; or the most finished, like the masonry of the pyramids, still it is not a fine art. It is perfect as masonry when it serves a useful purpose; only when beauty is contemplated in addition to utility does it become architecture. The distinction thus stated between utility and beauty exists in every healthy mind; and yet, as is well known, even in ancient times there existed a class of sophists, even more shallow than the association-mongers, who taught that beauty is simply utility, a fitness to attain a useful object.* If any person is inclined to talk such nonsense at the present day, he need not travel far to find his confutation; for there is not a railway line in the country which has not sinned against the most obvious laws of æsthetical science, by erecting the ugliest possible bridges, which are in every respect as useful as if they had been altogether beautiful. To confound two such manifestly diverse ideas is the most wretched quibbling. Utility, of course, and fitness to attain a practical end must be in architecture, as in all the useful arts; but it is there as a basis on which the beautiful is erected, or as a stem out of which it grows. It is the same obviously with beauty in women. No woman could be beautiful who could not walk well, or stand well, or sit well, because her joints had either been clumsily formed, or unskilfully put together. Her skilful construction, as an animal capable of rest or locomotion, is an essential basis of her womanly beauty; a basis without

which any beauty of feature or complexion would appear as much out of place as fine lace on a coarse gown; but no excellence of such basis could relieve a female form from the charge of ugliness, if mere perfection of mechanically well-compacted limbs constituted her only claim to beauty. Let this sophism, therefore, go to Limbo with the association juggle, without further discussion. We shall suppose our rude Highland hut or Indian wigwam of the most primitive structure, and note by what steps of unnecessary and purely ornamental addition the rude masonry is elevated into architecture. The first step in this process is one in regard to which it may be doubtful whether it has its origin in the wish for increased utility, or in the delight of superadded beauty. If the original hut or wigwam has been constructed of stone or wood, or a mixture of both, in a rude and haphazard style, without either shapeliness in the individual pieces, or fair order in the structure of the work; and if, after having inhabited for some time this modest dwelling, the savage builder should rise in his ideas, as civilized builders are wont to do, and erect a more imposing structure with fair tiers of shapely stone, it may be doubtful whether this advance in the style of the masonry arose from utilitarian considerations or from an æsthetical instinct. The utilitarian consideration might be to give greater solidity and permanence to the structure; the æsthetical delight, produced by an inborn instinct, might be exactly of the same nature as that which a child feels, when it arranges pebbles or shells on the beach in a circle or other pattern. In the case of the savage builder, the utilitarian and æsthetic forces might act so spontaneously together that it might be impossible to say which was dominant; but, in the case of the child, utility disappears altogether, and a delight in the creation of ORDER by a selective energy is the sole force to which the calculated distribution of the shells or pebbles can be ascribed. Nor is it of any consequence in this question whether the child or the savage — supposing him to have acted from æsthetical instinct — ever saw any other person arranging pebbles in a circle, or stones in ordered tiers. The instinct of imitation, under which we all grow up from babyhood into manhood in various ways, is not arbitrary or indifferent, it is eminently selective, and by his special selection the imitative artist shows that he is guided by a special innate preference for the particular sphere in which he

* See this sophism humorously handled by Socrates in Xenophon's Symposium, ch. v.

chooses to exercise his imitative function. If, therefore, the child or the savage chooses to imitate order rather than disorder, it is a distinct evidence that the mind of the imitator delights in order; and in this order we have, in fact, the most necessary, the most simple, and the most universal element in the framework of all beautiful structures.* If you ask whence this love of order proceeds, the plain answer is that it lies in the mind, just as the belief that two and two make four lies in the mind. The mind can no more choose to delight in confusion than it can choose to believe that two and two make five. And this leads us to make a single remark on the excellence generally believed to inhere in mathematics — that it is the only science which deals in necessary and incontrovertible truth. Mathematics is of two kinds, pure and applied. That absolute certainty should be predicable of the former lies on the surface; for, as pure mathematics is a science that consists of mere abstract suppositions clearly defined, to the exclusion of all possible causes of disturbance, it is plain that the category of necessity must belong to any chain of propositions which lies shut up in the definition. Each part of Euclid is merely a detached evolution of what lies in the definite figure with which it starts, say, a triangle, a circle, a sphere, a cone, or what you please. But in applied mathematics — which is the only *real* science — as pure mathematics are mere thinkable limitations of a reality — disturbances and variations of various kinds constantly interfere, for which allowance requires to be made. The infallibility of the science, therefore, ceases the moment it is applied to the measure of a real thing; as we see every day that two and two eggs, for example, considerably smaller than the normal standard will not make four, but something notably less, perhaps, only three. Now, this is exactly the case with the theory of the fine arts. It happens any day that an architect shall draw out the scheme of a building, to which no objection can be made so long as it remains on paper, but which, the moment it is transmuted into stone and lime, becomes full of offence — an offence arising, it may be, from the material, from the situation, or it may be from mere deficiency of cash, or any other

circumstance attaching to the realized scheme, which did not enter into the calculation of the theorist. For a practical art like architecture, the influences that disturb the calculations of the pure theorist are many and various; besides, we must consider that in some countries, as in Great Britain, the border-line that distinguishes the architect from the mere builder has not been distinctly traced. The so called architect, in many cases, is like an empirical mathematician, who has never been trained scientifically to prove by severe deduction the truth of his inductions, but who merely makes empirical plunges into them, and has no security, even with the finest instincts, against the grossest blunders; while the general public either looks on the grossest violations of the eternal laws of the beautiful with perfect indifference, or flings out hastily a mere *I like or I dislike*, as a sufficient substitute for a reasonable verdict. Were the elements of pure aesthetics as thoroughly and as systematically taught in the schools as the elements of arithmetic and mathematics, no man could doubt of the absolute certainty of the one class of primary intellectual intuitions any more than of the other. But the fine arts are a luxury which only a few can enjoy, and only a very few scientifically appreciate. Let us now revert to the consideration of order. Order, which is, as we have said, the fundamental element in all beautiful structures, implies unity; and unity implies mind. In the formation of a circle or a square, or any regular figure, there is a definite relation of every individual part of the figure, to a definite point or points, say the centre in a circle, or the two foci in an ellipse; the parts are many, but the plan is one; and if in the drawing of such a figure the hand of the draughtsman shall at any time waver — that is, cease to act in continuous consistency with the unity of the idea from which it started, there is a flaw in the figure. Now, it is an operation performed every day in the arts and in the conduct of life, to create order by the subjection of various naturally independent materials to a unity of plan and purpose, dictated by an intelligent unity which we call mind. In unity, therefore, and order as the result of unity, and both as the necessary manifestation of mental action, we recognize the first fundamental principle of all æsthetical science, as infallibly as in the axioms and postulates of the first book of Euclid. Of order in the fine arts, symmetry and proportion are familiar names; of unity in objects of

* Το καλόν ἐν μεγέθει καὶ τάξει is the well-known dictum of Aristotle, where, of course, the μέγεθος is only the quantitative element, order the essential and constitutive.

diverse nature, congruity or keeping is the expression most familiar to the popular ear. Nine in ten of the common objections that we daily hear made to a building, or to a lady's dress, or to the decoration and furnishing of a house, are examples of incongruity—that is, of the qualities in the parts which imply the absence of a presiding unity of conception in the carrying out of the original scheme. It is at bottom a want of thought and a want of mind; just as if, in a critical moment of a game, the player, not having his eyes open, should fail to play the stroke on which the success of the game depended; or, as if at a decisive moment in a great battle the commander-in-chief should become nervous and get into a flutter, and allow his line to be broken at a fatal point.

But some one here will perhaps say, and say justly, are not this unity and congruity as necessary in the useful arts as in the fine arts, in an ugly bridge as much as in a beautiful bridge? and how can that be called a primary principle of the beautiful which is equally a primary principle of the plain and the ugly? The answer to this is twofold. Order and symmetry may no doubt be present in an ugly body as well as in a beautiful one, but they are not present as constituent elements of ugliness; on the contrary, when contrasted with the same body in a state of perfect disorder, the bare elements of order which they possess would justly appear beautiful. It is not the order in a well-ordered, ugly object that made it ugly, but the ugliness of the materials to which the order is applied; as when we call a necklace, for instance, ugly of which the beads are of a dull, dirty, unkindly aspect, while the pattern according to which they are strung together may even be graceful. And when certain objects, whether necklaces or bridges, are generally presented to the eyes with an amount of tasteful decoration superadded to that constituent order and symmetry without which they could not exist at all, they will be called ugly, or at least plain, simply from the want of the embellishments with which they are normally accompanied. Mind there must be everywhere, in all intellectual products, whether beautiful or ugly; therefore, in some wise, wherever mind acts, unity and congruity cannot be absent; but the mind has various sides, various faculties, and various susceptibilities, and has to be addressed in various ways in order to appeal to those faculties and to stir those sus-

ceptibilities. The demand for the useful, which is primary in the practical mind, is satisfied when the structure produced by the plastic intellect attains its object as completely as possible; the utilitarian demand in a bridge is satisfied when the bridge is firm and solid, and affords an easy passage across the gap which it over-spans. The faculty appealed to here is simply the constructive intellect, desiring practical means for a practical purpose. But a beautiful bridge or any beautiful object appeals to the imagination and the emotions connected with the imagination; there must be, therefore, in nature and in the constitution of things certain qualities which, being superinduced upon the useful, or mere fitness to achieve a practical end, create in the mind the pleasant sensations which arise spontaneously on the perception of a beautiful object. Now, the first fact we have to deal with here is that the imagination is a faculty which receives the forms of its action and occasions of its operation primarily through the senses; the senses are, as it were, the vestibule of the temple, in the inner shrine of which the æsthetical goddess dwells; and the primary form of the matter which she deals with, or her secret workshop of select construction, are *pictures*. What kind of pictures? Pictures, of course, of the various forms and states of external nature and human life, which are perpetually working their way up to the sensitive tentacles of the human creature in its course of expansion from babyhood into manhood; limited, no doubt, by the capacity of the recipient, but not therefore false: the limitation affecting the degree and the adequacy, not the certainty of the perception. Like the view of a landscape or a building from a particular point, it is the truth of the thing or of that part of the thing which the point of view renders possible. What we call vision, to speak with the metaphysician, is neither subjective truth wholly, nor objective truth wholly, but a harmony resulting from the concord of the two truths, as in music. Well, then, the pictures which the sense admits into the inner shrine of the imaginative sanctuary are, under this necessary limitation, all real, but not therefore natural in the artistic sense of the word, much less beautiful. By natural in art we mean the normal type of things which nature always strives to achieve, but from various causes does not always attain; by the beautiful we mean the perfection of the normal type. Now, if there be anything essentially and

by the divine constitution of things beautiful in nature — which we shall for the present assume — then, it is manifest that the divinely implanted instinct for the beautiful, which we have shown to exist in the love of symmetry, lying in wait, as it were, to extend its sphere of enjoyment, will, when stimulated into full action by the impressions of cognate forms from without, eagerly seize upon and select, and with complacency dwell on, the objects which produce these impressions, and in due season, by its own plastic energy, begin to act creatively upon them. Of course, we can imagine, and there may exist, souls capable of perceiving only the real that is carried to them through the senses, without distinction between the beautiful and the ugly; but those who are utterly incapable of receiving delight from beauty as distinguished from reality, in some shape or other, are so few that they must be classed with the born blind, and with the deaf and dumb, as incomplete creatures. But normally the intellectual appetite for beauty is as universal and as uniform as the appetite for healthy food; and as in the case of food the digestive functions must be in constant and vigorous action, in order to utilize the food; so in art the finely selecting and plastically moulding function of artistic genius must ever be present, in order to make the creation of a work of art possible. It is interesting to remark here how differently in different arts the parts played by the internal and external factors are apportioned. In landscape painting, the beauty presented to the artist in real nature is often so striking, so subtle, and so magnificent, that he has little to do in the way of selection or rejection; his art becomes purely imitative; and the more close the imitation, the more perfect the production. In music, how otherwise! — how little the stimulus of a few sweet sounds, which a holy Mozart may have received from without through the expectant avenue of the ear, compared with the Titanic force, ocean roll, and fairy-like subtlety of significant harmonies, which his awakened soul poured forth from within! The part which the internal factor, the moulding mind, here plays in the case of a great musical genius, is precisely similar to the part played by some special apostleship in the moral world. Such an apostleship, as history shows, appears on the stage of social progress, once, it may be, only in a hundred or a thousand years; but, when it does appear, the changes wrought on the outward face of society by its mighty

internal agency are proportionate to the extraordinary forth-putting of divinely inspired creative energy from which they proceed. Such overwhelming manifestations of divine force from within show at a stroke the vanity of attempting to explain the forces that shape the moral world by any results derived from the slow process of fingering induction. Induction can never prove anything contrary to the dictates of a well-regulated moral enthusiasm; on the contrary, the external servant when wisely questioned will always confirm the dictates of the internal master; but induction can no more create morals than registered talent of any kind can create genius. There is a magazine of moral thunder and lightning in men of high moral genius, such as Martin Luther and John Knox, which can no more be born of the cold process of induction, than out of the cawing of rooks, the cooing of doves, the purling of brooks, and the roar of tempests could be manufactured the artistic creativeness of a Mozart or a Beethoven.

The question comes now to be asked, what are those elements in detail which, when superadded to unity and congruity, and appealing to the imaginative faculty, elevate a mere useful product of mechanical art into the region of the beautiful? The answer to this question involves no mystery. Let us take our original example, the bridge — the plain, solid bridge, the ugly bridge, the bridge of the railway contractors, how shall we make it beautiful? First, we shall make it of a fair material, not dark and funereal, like the lava of which the German towns in the volcanic district behind Coblenz are constructed; for darkness is naturally hateful both to gods and men, and light is not only a joy in itself, but a divine necessity, absolutely requisite to make all things enjoyable. Then, you conceive a type of bridge, whether light or weighty, whether with plain or rich decoration, which may best form a natural congruity with the landscape, or the urban situation with which it comes into comparison; then, by what the architects call mouldings, you satisfy a demand of nature by distinctly marking off one part of the erection from another, so that the special existence and significance of each falls with more marked emphasis on the eyes. As to further decorations they will be pleasing in proportion as they are in perfect congruity with the general type; in so far as they are not overdone and do not overwhelm the principal in the accessory; in so far as

they are delicately and nicely executed, for all sorts of fineness and dexterity in execution afford pleasure to the mind inspired by the God-given instinct of delighting in excellence; and in so far specially as the ornamental grows out of the structure and is not, as it were, stuck upon it; for all adventitious ornament is not only an untrue thing, in not being able to show any natural reason for its presence, but it destroys the feeling of unity, which we have already stated as primordial in all artistic creations; for a genuine work of art must always imitate the wisdom of the Creator in the compagination of that miraculous structure, the human body, from which no member can be taken and to which no member can be added, without destroying both the beauty and the serviceability of the whole. As a topping ornamentation of bridges, statues deserve particular mention; for, as the sphere of expression in pure architecture is much more confined than in the other fine arts, that ornament is particularly fitting which adds the interest of heroic achievement to the charm of æsthetic delight. On the bridge of the Main at Frankfort the statue of Charlemagne is in its proper place.

Considerations of this kind make it amply evident how cheaply the pure mathematician purchases the boasted certainty of his conclusions. He owes his superiority to the meagreness, or say rather, the inanity of his material; he systematically excludes all actuality from his reasonings; and so can have no share in the richness, the variety, the luxuriance, and the marvellous concordant contrarieties of the existing frame of things. He lords it magnificently over his domain of abstract thought; but is weighed in the balance and found wanting the moment he has to do with the conflicting claims of manifold facts, spiritual and material. He is in this respect like the mere logician; and, as the logician from want of a rich experience of moral and intellectual life is often a poor philosopher, so mathematics, as Voltaire said, leaves the *esprit* where it found it. By deduction pure and simple from his primary assumption, the mathematician finds his way from point to point of his curious conclusion, without looking to the right hand or to the left; his intellect is in the position of a ball sent to roll down in a winding groove, which must go where the groove leads it. But when, in æsthetical science, I say that the primary postulate of all beauty is mental unity, and from that deduce order, or symmetry, and again congruity, I cannot

go a step further in my conclusions without bringing in new and altogether different elements from the existing world outside of my original point of view. For a man may justly say that there may be a unity and congruity of ugly things, as in a dunghill, or in a woman whose wryness of features perfectly harmonizes with the baseness of her character. Well, then, as we have just been showing, to the law of unity and congruity must be added the complete complement of things naturally and essentially, and, by divine right, excellent and noble; and it is precisely the richness and variety of these additions from without that confounds the untrained judgment, and causes the hasty thinker to despair of certainty in a science where the principles that can be laid down are constantly interfered with by contrary claims. But a very slight consideration will show that the contraries in æsthetics are not contradictions. There is no contradiction between the beauty of a rose and the beauty of a lily, between the gentle wimpling of an English brook and the impetuous sweep of a Highland cascade, between the soft roseate glow of a cloudless Egyptian sunset and the variously flecked beauty of a sunset in the vapor-laden sky of the west Highlands. But however great the variety be of existing objects that are all beautiful, and are adapted by natural kinship to please diverse tastes, there will be found in all of them some of those elements of things naturally noble and excellent, which elevate plain masonry into elegant architecture, or pedestrian prose into winged poetry. Light, as we have already noted, is naturally preferable to darkness; skill and dexterity to coarseness and crudeness of execution; decoration to bareness; strength to weakness; truth to falsehood; love to selfishness; luxuriance to meagreness; variety to monotony; significance and suggestiveness to unmeaningness of feature and shallowness of conception. But over and above these elements of natural nobility, there are certain great laws in the constitution of the universe, in its relation to human perception, which, if they are not constitutive elements of the beautiful, are at least so essential to its effective presentation in art that no masterpiece in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, or architecture can be produced without them. Of these the most notable are — the law of novelty, the law of contrast, and the law of moderation. That novelty, however impotent as a productive cause, is a potent spur to the appreciation of the beautiful, every-day

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experience teaches ; and, therefore, as the best things in the world are amongst the oldest and the most trite, the great writer has been said to be the man who can say old things in a new way with the greatest effect, when and where and to whom he appears. Mere novelty, of course, divorced from "the eternal canons of loveliness," as Ruskin calls them, can produce only oddity of various kinds, as we see in the world of fashion, where a morbid love of change is always at hand to usurp the throne of reason, and to juggle nature out of her most comely graces and most healthful proprieties.* Of contrast we need say nothing ; it is impossible in the nature of things that the effect produced by any acting influence upon any susceptible recipient should be as great when working in its pure absoluteness as with the simultaneous or closely consecutive presentation of its contrary. Moderation, again, or the nice balance between too much and too little, which Aristotle uses so effectively in his practical treatise on morals, is equally the law of the beautiful as of the good. In art, as in archery, the arrow which overshoots the mark misses as decidedly as that which falls short.

There remains only one other remark to make, if we would place the science of the beautiful on its true pedestal alongside of the other sciences. The science of æsthetics, if founded, as we have endeavored to show, in the essential constitution of things in nature and in the mind, must have its root in theology, is in fact, when traced to its fundamental principles, a part of theology, as all absolute science necessarily is. The true, the good, and the beautiful, the three categories under which the whole objects of human cognition are subsumed, are all equally human or equally divine : equally human in the estimation of those whose narrow speculation, from poverty of reverential sympathy, begins and ends with themselves ; equally divine in the belief of all complete men, from Moses and

Pythagoras to Hegel and Goethe, who knew that humanity without God is a monstrous conception, which, like a flower without a root, can have only an imaginary existence. To the wise Greek the exclusion of the beautiful from theology in its most comprehensive sense would have appeared unnatural. In modern times this exclusion has arisen, on the one hand from the unæsthetic character of modern European compared with ancient Hellenic culture, on the other hand from the prominence given in the Christian Church to the holy and the good, as the phasis of divine excellence through which Christian teaching has brought about the purification of the moral world from the sensualism into which the imaginative theology of the Greeks so naturally declined. This, of course, was quite necessary ; the good being the element, the very atmosphere rather, which society must breathe in order to maintain itself in any degree of health and comfort. Nevertheless, the world is beautiful, nay flowing and overflowed with superfluous beauty in all directions ; and the aboriginal savage, with whose germinating æsthetics we started these remarks, whether he reasoned or not on the subject, would unquestionably be possessed by a healthy instinct that the same sort of law for decoration, which had compelled him to adorn his hut, was at work in the well-ordered garniture of flowers and fruits and stars, with which he found himself surrounded. He would feel, if he could not formulate, the identity of the plastic design which marshalled the stars, and diapered the fields, with the imitative and secondary art with which he had studied to clothe the bareness of his original place of shelter. Savages are in some respects better off than the devotees of special sciences in the advanced stages of social culture. That systematic divorce of the beautiful from the holy and the good, which has marked some modern Christian sects, could not have occurred to a healthy-minded human animal in the Homeric or pre-Homeric stage. In carrying out this unnatural divorce, the Scotch, as we stated at the outset, have been the most systematic offenders ; an extreme section of them, even at the present day, having handed over the fine arts wholesale to the Devil, or at least, with a rigid repulsion, insisted on keeping them out of the Church. The evil of this narrow policy is double ; for, while on the one hand it renders the baldness of the Church service unpalatable to a considerable section of the middle and

* It is an unmistakable sign of the poverty of thought in the region of pure æsthetics prevalent among the writers of the last century, that they treat the whole subject under the three heads of *novelty*, *beauty*, and *grandeur*, placing novelty in the front, whereas, as we have shown, novelty is no constituent element of beauty at all, and grandeur is merely beauty—plus magnitude and power. The humorous again, valuable as it is for certain accessory effects, and especially powerful in certain departments of literature, being only an ingenious sport with significant incongruities, is altogether outside of the domain of beauty, though, no doubt, in the manner of representing the incongruous, there will be one sort of humor, which is graceful in its feature, and delicately suggestive in its conception, and another which is coarse and clumsy, exaggerated and shallow.

upper classes, who are thereby inclined to pass over to Episcopacy; on the other hand it deprives the fine arts of their highest aims, which they can attain only by consecration to the service of God. In this view, it is pleasant to observe how the resumption of the realm of the beautiful into the domain of a reasonable theology has recently come, as was to have been expected, from the bosom of the Anglican Church; the well-known sermon on "Nature," by Dr. Mozley,* and the excellent little volume on the "Natural Theology of Beauty," by Tyrwhitt, being authoritative voices on this text that will not fail to find an echo in the public mind.†

One observation we feel bound to make in concluding, that, so far as the history of æsthetical philosophy in this country is concerned, it would be altogether a mistake to confound the negative ideas on the philosophy of taste which we have noted in the English, and more particularly in the Scottish people, with the doctrine taught by the few writers that we can boast of on æsthetical science. The wide reception which the shallow association theory obtained for a season among the wits of the modern Athens was no doubt a striking proof of how little the atmosphere which Jeffrey and Alison breathed partook of that element which gave elevation to the work of Phidias and the philosophy of Plato. Greek, as Sydney Smith said, never marched in great force to the north of the Tweed, certainly never leaped over the outer cincture of the soul of any thorough-bred Scotch Calvinist; but the special form of æsthetical scepticism preached by the association sophists, so far from being an expression of the general character of Scottish æsthetical science, runs directly in the teeth of the best utterances on the subject, both before the bewilderment produced by the sophistical glory and after it. Even Dugald Stewart, who takes off his hat to Alison in a style with diffi-

culty to be distinguished from absolute submission, in the first paragraph of his discussion of the principle of association, cuts off the ground from this theory as a foundation on which any really scientific account of our æsthetic sentiments can be raised: "It is," says he, "the province of association to impart to one thing the agreeable or disagreeable effects of another; but association can never account for the origin of a class of pleasures different in kind from all the others we know. If there was nothing originally and intrinsically beautiful, the associating principle would have no materials on which it could operate."‡

This is sense, a peculiarly Scottish virtue, over which in that climate metaphysical subtleties and twinkling sophistries never obtain anything but a very partial and fleeting triumph. To Hamilton we have already referred; and Dr. Reid, the most authoritative spokesman of the Caledonian philosophy, in his "Essay on Beauty," stands stoutly up against the tendency then beginning to manifest itself as an outgrowth of some of Locke's loose propositions—viz., the tendency to deprive a large class of our noblest sentiments and most elevating ideas of all objective value, by fixing the attention exclusively on one of the two factors employed in their production. He also distinctly emphasizes an essential excellence or perfection possessed by all objects admired as beautiful, and along with this admiration he willingly pays homage to the divine source from which all excellence proceeds.† And before Reid, Hutcheson, professor of mental philosophy in Glasgow, had given prominence in his "Essay on Beauty" to the great principle of uniformity in variety, which, as the dominant principle in the framework, so to speak, of all æsthetical science, we have in this paper stated as a necessary expression of the unity which belongs to mind.‡ No less decided is this early writer in his assertion of the divine source to which the cunningly marshalled array of lovely objects in nature is ultimately to be referred. Coming to more recent times, Fergusson, whose name is a symbol for catholicity and comprehensiveness in architectural art, complains how "not only architecture but all the arts have

* Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, by J. B. Mozley, D.D. 2nd edition, London. 1876.

† The Natural Theology of Natural Beauty, by the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt. London. 1882. Mr. Tyrwhitt sums up the conclusion of his book shortly thus:

1. "That visible Nature represents the design, or a small part of it, of a living soul; and that that design includes our welfare." And—

2. "That Nature does this by enabling man to observe in the world exterior to himself and in himself (a) structure, through scientific analysis, and (3) beauty as in immediate form or color, through Art"—words than which I could not desire any more succinctly and more effectively to summarize the doctrine of which I have endeavored to sketch the outline in the present paper.

* Works of Dugald Stewart. Edinburgh, 1855. Vol. v., p. 243. On the Beautiful, ch. vi.

† Reid's Essays on the Intellectual Powers, essay VIII.

‡ An Inquiry into the Original of Beauty and Virtue. London, 1759. 3rd edition.

been cursed by that lowest and most unreasoning source of beauty, association — a principle which teaches men to throw a veil of beauty over some objects in the mind of particular persons, which to others appear commonplace or even ugly.* In the year 1835 Dr. MacVicar, of Moffat, gave to the world his extremely ingenious and finely discriminating book on the "Philosophy of the Beautiful," † in which he announced the very principle for which we have made stout contention in this paper — viz., "that the elements of beauty by which the eye is flattered or the ear regaled are as determinate as any propositions in mathematics." And with regard to the right which æsthetical science has to take place with the sublimest verities of a reasonable theology, he says: "If there be, as it appears there is, a responsiveness and agreement between nature and the soul, this only proves the unity or sameness of the Creator of both. But if we refuse to grant a Creator, then all remains an incomprehensible mystery; and, indeed, there is an end of all philosophy. The idea of beauty, the beautiful in essence, must be in the creative mind." And in perfect harmony with this, we find Principal Shairp, in his work on the "Poetic Interpretation of Nature," ‡ writing as follows: "Poetry has three objects — man, nature, and God. The presence of this last pervades all great poetry, whether it lifts an eye of reverence directly towards himself, or the presence be only indirectly felt, as the centre to which all deep thoughts about man and nature ultimately tend. Regarded in this view, the field over which poetry ranges becomes co-extensive with the domain of philosophy, indeed of theology." In these words we find the better nature of the Scottish mind blossoming out, unhampered by the sharp fence of scholastic dogma in which it has so long been imprisoned; and in Principal Shairp's book altogether there is an aroma of fine æsthetic interest, which can be found in a treatise on poetry only when the writer is himself a poet. No man can write well on any subject of which he has not had a living experience; and it must always be regarded as a misfortune when persons of a prosaic and utilitarian habit of mind feel themselves called upon to put forth judicial utterances on a matter which they can only know at second hand, or, more prop-

erly speaking, labor under a natural incapacity of comprehending. When prosaic and matter-of-fact persons meddle with the ideal, they either write nonsense, or very inadequate, very frigid, and altogether soulless sense. In contrast with MacVicar and Shairp, in whose pages the Three Graces, the true, the good, and the beautiful, in native sisterhood twine their sacred dance together before the divine source of all good, 'tis sad to see the Scottish philosophy in one of its latest phases reverting to the mere tabulation of uninspired groups, without any reference to the one great source, which alone is able to impart to these groups the unity and the significance which they undoubtedly possess. When such a writer as Professor Bain in his work "On the Emotions and the Will," discourses on ideal beauty, admirable as is the talent of various kinds which the book displays, one always feels as in a church where the walls are curiously decorated with sacred paintings, but where, in turning round, the spectator finds the pedestal in the centre of the shrine without the goddess. Always and everywhere, and in all matters, as Aratus says in the prefatory lines to his book on astronomy, we mortals are in need of Jove — *πάντα δὲ Διὸς κερήμεθα πάντες* — but specially in the contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of the universe, which, if it is not felt indeed to be a temple to worship in, must dwindle down into a toy-shop to amuse children, or a farce for fools to laugh at.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

From Longman's Magazine.

TAMZIN'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

It was an awful night by sea and land; all the day long a fierce north-wester had swept across the Atlantic driving the waves before it with angry fury, till at last, checked in their wild course, they roared and broke in columns of foam on the bare and savage cliffs of north Cornwall. Trevenna, which, unlike many of the villages on that coast, does not nestle down in a valley between the rocks, but lies exposed on a bleak headland, felt the full sweep of the storm.

Some ten minutes' walk from the village lay the Port, a singular haven; for, besides a huge rock in its very midst, it was lined with boulders, whilst the few fishermen's boats that belonged to the place

* An Historical Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Art. London, 1849.

† Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1855.

‡ Edinburgh: Douglas. 1877.

were hauled on to a sort of shelf half-way up the cliff. There was no such thing as pushing off a boat at Trevenna, it could only be let down by a windlass from the rocky ledge at high tide.

Leaving the Port behind us, a very steep, stony road leads to the village, and in the first cottage on the edge of the tableland lived the prettiest girl in Trevenna, gifted with that beauty which can at times be found in Cornwall, reminding one that the coast population has had many a foreign intermixture of blood, which has left a still unobliterated trace on the inhabitants.

Tamzin Richards was an only child, and her parents, no wiser than parents usually are, doted on the girl and spoilt her unsparingly. Now the evil was done, Tamzin always took her own way and heeded nothing that was said to her. A strong self-will had this Cornish maiden; born within sound of those wind-tossed waves, the very freedom of the elements had found a resting-place in the nature that could be but seldom led and never driven. Quick of wit she was, and of temper, perfect in health, in figure, and in feature, brown and tanned it is true, but that suited the dark, shining eyes, and the crisp, curly hair that clustered round her small head.

Old Richards had once been a sailor, but having met with an accident he had set up a small shop—that is, he had filled his cottage window with various bottles and articles of value in a fishing village, and had turned tradesman.

Tamzin scorned the shop and allowed her father to do the counter-work. There was that in the girl's nature that despised anything so safe and free from danger as shopkeeping. Still she was glad enough to spend the profits on her person, and many a gay knot of ribbon that went to adorn the little brown neck was cut by Tamzin's fingers from the store in the one box which contained the vanities of old Richards's shelves.

At the back of the shop was the real sitting-room of the family—a low chamber looking out towards the cliffs, with its small, latticed windows deeply set in the thick masonry, otherwise they could not have long withstood the winter storms.

Old Richards's face was bright and handsome—evidently Tamzin took after her father; whilst her mother, who was almost a nonentity, except as far as she was bound up in her daughter, was certainly not distinguished by any personal beauty, and this evening she sat knitting

in a corner of the fireplace, every now and then looking out of the window from which Tamzin had drawn back the curtain, shaking her head at the weather in a kind of deprecating manner as much as to intimate a gentle remonstrance with the elements. The talk of the three might have been a little difficult to catch for any one unaccustomed to the accent, and for the sake of lucidity we will spare the reader the real dialect, which ran somewhat like this,—

"Ay, it's a fearful night, Tamzin. I've a fancy Jahn Kernick won't be a-comin' to-night, az time be taaken oop elsewhere," said Mrs. Richards.

"You might have said, mother, he'd been afraided to have com'en out at night, it laik'd but thicky to the tale. Shall I go and axen him az reason?" answered Tamzin scornfully.

"I never'n. said as he laik'd courage, Tamzin; but it's an awfu' night. Looken at the keendle-teening, child."

Tamzin and her father both cast their eyes towards the guttering candle, the former with half a smile of scorn, but the latter with a graver look on his face.

"Keendle-teening is a bad sign, child," he said solemnly; "it's a sign of folks in trouble and spirits a-knocking about a place; when they once begin their games they won't laive mun alone at all."

"Jahn Kernick is not a man to be affrighted at nothing," said Tamzin, but her voice was not so assured as before, and she got up and went into the dark shop whose window looked into the village street.

Nothing was to be seen but one or two twinkling lights down the village; and the roar of the wind as it howled up from the Port was almost terrible to hear, even though the girl felt safe enough in her own home.

"John Kernick *will* come," she said to herself slowly; "he said he would. He won't think much of walking from Port Gavorne; even if it were worse than this he wouldn't." At this moment there was a knock at the door, a knock which most likely would not have been so easily heard if Tamzin had not happened to be in the front room. The warm blood rushed to the girl's cheek, but suddenly forsook it again, as she murmured,—

"That's not John Kernick's knock; *he* makes a noise one can hear when he comes."

With agile fingers Tamzin unfastened the door and opened it carefully, asking in her quick and not very musical voice,—

"Who's there?"

"Don't you know, Tamzin?" answered a man's voice, as, not waiting for a further invitation, he stepped in and shut the door; and so doing he came in contact with Tamzin's fingers as if quite by chance, and suddenly grasped them and held them tight.

"Have done, Pascho Fuge," said Tamzin quickly, and this time she spoke in a low voice. "Can't a girl shut the door without having her fingers squeezed to death?"

"I meant no harm, Tamzin," said the voice, in a far softer accent than Tamzin's. There was almost a pleading tone in the few words, which any woman would have noticed; and which Tamzin, not being less clever than the usual run of her sex, certainly heard though she would not heed it.

"Who is it?" called out old Richards from the inner room; and Pascho was forced to go forwards, thus losing all chance of any more private conversation with Tamzin.

"You bring a mighty rush of air with you, Pascho," said Mrs. Richards, greeting him in the way we speak to people we see very often — that is, without troubling them with much inquiry about themselves. "I was saying to Tamzin what a bad night it was; and there's signs about, that there is."

"Ay, that there is," answered Pascho, sitting down in a chair Tamzin carelessly brought forward for him. "It's a roughish night, but I've seen worse ones, though, Mrs. Richards."

All the time Pascho was speaking he kept turning round slowly in his chair so as to catch a better view of Tamzin, for that young woman had perversely placed herself just behind him. Pascho was a big, fair man, with a red beard, and soft, mild, blue eyes, with a far-away look in them. Though his size was formidable, the expression of his face was as gentle as a child's. Some might have called him "a bit sheepish," when they saw him, as at this moment, sitting in the same room as Tamzin and breathing the same air. But Pascho was not at all sheepish in reality, not one of the quarrymen could excel him in pluck when there was need for it, nor could any keep a cooler head or steadier hand when being let down the face of those terrible slate quarries almost overhanging the sea, in which he was now at work. Many a time had Pascho received a cheer from his fellow-workmen for some feat of extra boldness,

performed with that quiet, meek look on his face.

"He's brave, and no mistake," Tamzin had once said, "but I wish he looked it more. He's not like John Kernick — *he's* brave and looks it, every inch of him."

"What were you saying about signs, my son?" asked Richards, rubbing his knees and looking at the quarryman with interest: the mysterious and the terrible had a strange fascination for the old seaman. Even Tamzin now deigned to come forward, so that the light fell on her face, and her dark, lustrous eyes looked up into Pascho's face with real interest.

"Is it a sign you've seen, Pascho Fuge?" she asked.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's I that have seen it — the dead hand." He paused, and the effect on his hearers was as thrilling as he could expect. Tamzin's eyes dilated visibly, whilst Mrs. Richards shuddered.

"Are you sure of that, Pascho? It's an evil sign," said the old woman.

"Just as I was coming down the quarry this afternoon I looked up a minute and I saw in front of me a hand — a right hand — it was nothing more, grasping the rungs of the ladder I had let go; it followed me all the way down, holding our miner's light between its thumb and finger, and, as sure as my name is Pascho Fuge, that light was bright enough to guide me down to the very bottom."

"What do the miner-folk say it means?" asked Tamzin, almost softly. Pascho noted the tone, and would willingly, had he dared, have grasped her hand again and covered it with kisses, because she had spoken gently to him.

"I'm not great at meanings, Tamzin," he said laughing; "some folks say it brings harm to the man who sees it, but my father saw it twice, and died in his bed as quiet as any one. It's my belief it depends on people's eyes; some have a power of sight in their eyes, whilst others have most none, except just enough to lead 'em to put the victuals in their mouths."

"I expect it is," said Tamzin, looking for the first time straight into Pascho's blue orbs. "Your eyes have a look as if they saw a heap more nor most people's, Pascho."

"And so they do," said Pascho; and then softly, so that in the din of the wind only Tamzin heard, he continued, "they always see you, Tamzin, afore them day and night; in the quarry and out of it,

they see your loving face and your eyes. There isn't another as has your eyes in Trevenna, Tamzin."

"My cousin Sabrina has my eyes, folks say, just the same pair over again," and Tamzin laughed merrily so that every feature was lighted up by her radiant smile, and seemed to intimate by their expression that folks might say so, but Sabrina could not really be compared with her. Pascho thought just the same; poor fellow! if he had but been the only one to think so.

"Sabrina is not fit to hold a rushlight to you, Tamzin."

The rushlight brought back the idea of the candle, and the candle the thought of the light held by the dead hand. Tamzin looked grave a little; she was even going to say something pleasant, or so it seemed from the look on her face, when a loud knock was heard. This time there was no mistaking the sound, and Tamzin jumped up quickly.

"It's John Kernick!" she exclaimed, regardless of Pascho's presence; "didn't I say he would come, mother?" In a moment she was in the front room without waiting for an answer, and without seeing the look of pain which passed over Pascho's face. What business, he thought, had John Kernick to come courting all the way from Port Gavorne—weren't there any girls there and at Port Isaac for him?

Poor Pascho rose and muttered a kind of good-night, even though the old folk both bade him bide a bit, but all the time he was saying to himself, "No, John Kernick is right; there isn't another like Tamzin, and I would walk a heap of miles more than he does to see her, but I just happen to live two doors off, so she doesn't take no heed of my love."

By this time Tamzin had opened the door, and a loud, hearty voice pealed out above the noise of the elements.

"Her! I am, Tamzin; I wager you didn't expect me this rough night. Tregeagle is howling himself hoarse over the moor, every demon must be after him."

"I knew you would come," said Tamzin; and by the tone of her voice one could make sure that she tossed her head, even though it was dark. Then by a certain little scuffle on John's part, one could guess that he also tried to come into close proximity with Tamzin.

It was just at that moment that Pascho slipped by them and went out with a terrible feeling at his heart and a low murmur on his lips.

"It comes of living two doors off," were his words, as he let himself into his own cottage, where he lived with an old mother and a sister. "Ay, sure enough, it all comes o' that."

CHAPTER II.

IF Pascho thought sadly, not to say jealously, of his rival that night, he would have been comforted had he seen that that self-willed beauty Tamzin did not allow the sailor to be more familiar with her than he had been. If a woman has two lovers, it is by no means always easy to tell which she prefers; on the other hand, if an outsider had been asked to settle the question after looking at the two men, on first thoughts, or without thought, no doubt he would have given the preference to the one who now settled himself down comfortably by the Richards's fireside, but in such a way as to see Tamzin's face.

John Kernick was tall, strong, and manly, with the jollity belonging to his calling, and with a certain daring, devil-may-care courage which always has a charm for women. He owned a small vessel which was usually employed in carrying slate from Port Gavorne to various destinations, but he had other business as well, and did a little honest trading on his own account, and now and then a little trading that would not bear the adjective honest before it.

Coming one summer day into Trevenna Port, he had caught sight of Tamzin Richards, and from that minute John Kernick determined to make her his wife. But he soon found that there are two people in this bargain, and Tamzin was not the girl to be won in an hour; besides, Pascho Fuge was first in the field—he had loved her from childhood, and every one in the village knew he was "sweet on Tamzin." What did this matter, however, to the bold sailor? He felt sure of success, and knew that Tamzin was by no means insensible to his charms—what girl could be? But this girl was superior to any he had ever seen.

He had walked over this very evening to show her that for her sake he could brave the elements with ease, nay pleasure.

"Tamzin said you would come, Cap'en Kernick, and she was right enough."

"I'm sure I didn't care, mother," retorted Tamzin hotly.

"It isn't many as would have come this night," said John contentedly, "and that's the truth."

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"I always thinks on Tregeagle on such a night as this," said old Richards, as if he were thinking of a personal friend.

"That's what I said to myself as I came along," replied John, nodding towards Tamzin. "Tregeagle himself couldn't have kept on at his work such a night. They tells that story different in some parts, though, cap'en; let's hear how you put it."

Old Richards loved to tell his stories, and was not at all loth to begin; not, indeed, the whole story, but the bit he knew best.

"I've often told it Tamzin when she were young," he began, by way of prelude, "about how Tregeagle came to *saizes* (asizes), haven't I, Tamzin?"

"Well, let's hear it now, cap'en," said John encouragingly, for whilst the old man talked he could smoke his pipe and stare unreprieved at Tamzin.

"There was no doubt at all that Tregeagle was a doomed man afore his death; every one agrees as to his awful wickedness, and that he regularly sold his soul to the Devil."

"Ay, ay," assented John, and Mrs. Richards shook her head sadly, as if she mourned still over Tregeagle's evil deeds.

"Well, at the *saizes*, long after he was dead, there was a knotty point about some deeds. I don't rightly understand that part of the business, but the judge was just about to give a wrong judgment, when the man that it was going agen cried, 'Hold, my lord, I have another witness!' and then up the steps of the box folks heard a sort of a rattling noise, as if bones were being all jumbled up loose like, and up stepped Tregeagle himself. They couldn't get him to kiss the book, but he swore on the Devil quick enough, and the judge took that evidence and settled the matter. It were all along of Tregeagle's evil deeds when he were alive it come about, so who better could settle it?"

"Why, no one, of course," said John.

"That's what I say; but then came the question how was they to get him to go away again, for he stuck in the witness-box and would not budge. The judge was no good, and it took a sight of ministers to move him."

"It was the ministers as set him to work after that," said John, "on emptying Dosmery Pool with a broken limpet shell, and it seems to me they must have taken a leaf out o' some one else's book."

"For shame!" said Tamzin; "it all comes of your being a Methody, John, or you would not say such things. Our min-

ister is as good a gentleman as you could wish to see."

"Dosmery Pool can't be emptied, that's my belief," said Richards; "and Tregeagle must have been sore tired of his job, for the Devil kept an eye on him the whole time lest he should leave off work, as then he would be in his power again. At last one night Tregeagle couldn't stand the howl of the wind and the beating of the rain across the moor, and he regular took to flight, and after him went the Devil and all his crew, and very nearly they caught him too, but he see'd Roach Rock with the chapel on it afore him, and he rushed up to it and dashed his head right through the east window, and that saved him."

"It's an awful story," said Mrs. Richards, shuddering, for although Tregeagle was a creature of almost mythical ages it made no difference to the two story-tellers, nor indeed to the audience. The women felt that, for all they knew to the contrary, these terrible blasts of wind were the disappointed howls of Tregeagle as he wove ropes of sand on the lonely shore, and Tamzin drew closer to the fire as she heard again the old story which had caused her the few fears she had ever experienced.

"You are very brave, John Kernick," said the girl when he paused; "it isn't many that would have walked from Port Isaac on such a night as this," and she sighed, thinking of something she would not say.

"There's many a one would do it if he was to see your face at t'other end, Tamzin," said John, with a broad smile. "I wager you could tell me of another as would do as much."

John was well acquainted with the quarryman's devotion to Tamzin, a devotion which had grown up with him, and which even the neighbors spoke of as a thing every one knew. For this very reason, perhaps, Tamzin turned a deaf ear to Pascho's words. She never said him really nay, but always put him off with the plea that she was too young to marry or to know her own mind. Tamzin's parents let her please herself: indeed, she would have done so even if they had interfered, and, like wise people, they made a virtue of necessity.

"My girl has got to live with a husband all her life, just as me and Thomas have lived, so it's no but fair she should choose him for herself; not but that we like Pascho best, a kind o' mild man that will never get into trouble with the minister,

and has plenty o' speerit when it's wanted, but is not always a-showing it off in fair weather."

Tamzin was a very reserved maiden, and no one could make out what she really thought about the matter, but the neighbors said she ought to take Pascho, he that had worked and waited for her from his birth up. They even told Pascho so; but with a smile he would shake his head and say, —

"Tamzin ain't like other girls: she's a deal of spirit and a big heart; but she must choose her own mate. She ought to know as I am ready to work and wait for her till she gives the word; but I'm not the man to make her take me and then repent herself afterwards."

If only Pascho hadn't had that meek, patient, waiting spirit, and had told Tamzin she must choose once for all, what might he not have gained? But no, the big, burly, soft-hearted quarryman was not one to win a woman by storm; and sometimes women do not understand patience.

Supper soon followed the story of Tregeagle's labors, and every one forgot him in the business of eating, except when now and then a blast more furious than usual howled round the caves.

"God save them at sea!" said old Richards reverently. "There's plenty of our men that choose this sort o' night for their own bit o' trade, and sometimes we never hear of them again. There's Carlyon now has taken a run to Bristol; it's to be hoped he ain't a-making his way back to-night."

"There's more chance of his landing his merchandise if he is," said John meditatively, "for those spying government fellows won't like putting their noses out o' doors much to-night. I passed one when I come along as could barely keep his flesh from blowing off his bones; and what with his great hat and his bit of a light, he looked like the lady with her lantern as they see round St. Ives Bay."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Tamzin and her mother started. John laughed out loud.

"I'll go, missus, and open the door; that is, if Tamzin will come and show me a light."

Tamzin was by no means loth, and the two went into the front room and undid the bolts. It was only a neighbor, who wanted a pennyworth of peppermint. Tamzin gave the required drops, and the customer departing, she found John did

not mean her to return to the fireside at once.

"Look here, Tamzin," he said, taking her hand, "what do you think I came all the way from Port Gavorne for to-night?"

"I don't know," said Tamzin, blushing. John laughed.

"Bless my soul, Tamzin, I declare women are that queer there's no keeping up with them. Don't you know I came to get your promise? I'll just marry you off in the spring, and get a cottage down at Port Isaac, and you'll be the prettiest sailor's wife for miles round. You've just got to say yes, and the thing's done."

"Oh, but, John, I can't say yes," said Tamzin, half smiling. "It will break Pascho's heart — him as has known me ever since we was children."

"Break his heart! Why, Tamzin, Pascho Fuge's heart ain't made of chaney. He that wins wears, and he's had an on-common long time to win you, and seems but a poor hand at it."

There flashed into Tamzin's mind the many acts of devotion shown to her by Pascho; his unflinching kindness, his earnest love, his gentle heart. Once he had sat up for many nights to nurse her father, though all the time he had to work hard by day. Truly he had wooed his love; it was only her vanity that had prevented his winning before John had come on the scene, and the greater boldness of the sailor had made her forget Pascho's unwearying devotion.

All this time John Kernick had hold of Tamzin's hand, and was gradually bringing it into close proximity with his lips. Tamzin remembered that Pascho had tried to do the same, and she had drawn away her hand; but now it was passive, nay powerless, in John's grasp.

"It's the sweetest of hands, Tamzin, but none so sweet as your lips," and he made a successful raid in that direction.

"Don't!" said Tamzin, ready to cry because she felt so powerless, and because something told her she was going to yield and say yes. "Indeed, John, I can't make up my mind. There's a deal I owe to Pascho, and he loves me so much."

"And don't I, too, Tamzin?"

"Yes, but perhaps you'd get tired of me. Tell me, John, am I the first girl as you've loved?"

"I never loved none like you, Tamzin." "But you've loved others, and Pascho —"

"Have done with Pascho," said John angrily. "Look here, Tamzin, as I told

you afore, it ain't every man as would have taken such a walk just to see a girl; but I've done it, and I'll do it again and again just to catch a sight o' your face. But it's going to be yes or no between you and me to-night. Come, my beauty, say 'yes,' and we'll be married as soon as ever the spring comes round, and then —" The very thought made John put one arm round Tamzin's waist, while with the other he raised her head so that he could look into her face. There was such power, such passion in the touch, that Tamzin was cowed, almost frightened. What might he not do if she said no? Oh, he loved her, and she loved him — at least she was proud to be loved by him; a man whom all the girls set their caps at; the master of a vessel; a rich man, as men went about there. How could she hesitate?

"Come, Tamzin," he said, tightening his grasp, whilst he drew her closer to him, "say yes, and let's seal it with a kiss. It'll be the best night's work I've ever done."

"John, do leave me! I can't."

"Bless my soul! a woman's yes is hard to win. I'd rather run a boat-load of spirits ashore in the teeth of them government chaps; it ain't half such a tough business. Tamzin, here's your last chance — yes or no? If it's no, I won't answer for the consequences."

These terrible consequences held over Tamzin frightened her. She knew she had encouraged John, and if she said him nay she might never see him again; or he might be reckless and fling himself over the cliff on his way home, and she would have his death on her conscience.

"Oh, John, don't say that, please."

"Then it's yes?"

"Yes," murmured Tamzin faintly; and the word was followed by one of those kisses which frighten more than they please women like Tamzin. It meant such possession, such a lording it over other folks, and all her life the girl had prided herself on her independent spirit. There was a little sob as she disengaged herself from her lover's embrace, hearing sundry impatient calls from the other room; but in her mind floated the thought, "What will Pascho say? Poor Pascho!"

"Tamzin and me have agreed on it," said John, taking her hand as he proudly entered the sitting-room. "You've no objection, I hope, Cap'en Richards. John Kernick's wife will have as nice a house and as fine a dress as any in Port Isaac." Mrs. Richards looked up surprised and

scared. John Kernick was not one of your quiet men at all.

"Dear me! Why, I thought you was a-seeing about the shop, Tamzin. But there, one can never tell what girls may be a-doing. One thinks them busy over the counter, and they comes in plighted!"

Mrs. Richards talked somewhat at random, being so taken by surprise.

"I give thee joy of it," said Tamzin's father. "I allus thought as it would be Pascho; but there's no telling what a woman will do. The last one gets the best chance, like in a donkey-race."

"Well, I must be starting back," said John, not listening much to the old folks. "I can't tell when I shall come again exactly. There's the minister's slate to be shipped here next week. But we must wait for fine weather and a good tide for that job; about next Tuesday maybe it will suit. I shall see thee then. It's a ticklish bit of work running a vessel into Trevenna Port. I often say I'd as lief run my craft twice into any other port along coast as once into Trevenna. Well, good-night, cap'en. You'll come and see me out, Tamzin."

Once more at the door, John thought it his duty to steal another of those kisses he knew but too well how to give, and Tamzin, frightened and subdued, ran away to bed to think out the terrible new fact that she had promised herself to John Kernick and that Pascho would hear of it on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

THREE days passed, and Tamzin had not seen either of her lovers. John was busy at Port Isaac, and Pascho was not likely to seek her out since the news had spread in the village that Tamzin Richards had at last made up her mind, and that John Kernick was the successful man.

What made it harder for Pascho to bear was that the neighbors put a tone of gentle pity into their conversation, trying so to sugar the bitter pill, but not succeeding very well.

"There's as good fish, Pascho, in the sea as ever came out of it," said one.

"I tell you plainly, my son, I would have wagered my silver watch as it would have been you; and so it would have been, if that there smart John Kernick hadn't stepped in."

"Tamzin's but a flighty maid," said another, trying to depreciate the prize; but none of these speeches comforted the quarryman as he trudged off to his work.

His great big heart felt bursting. He knew that in spite of himself he had always hoped to win her, the Tamzin he had loved so long; and when he remembered her many kind words to him he felt that his hopes had not been altogether without foundation. It was so hard, so very, very hard, suddenly to resign all his love — to know he should never look into her beautiful eyes and call them his own, never touch that hand and say he would be faithful till death parted them.

Then he remembered the vision of the dead hand. Ah! that had brought him ill luck. Men said it was the hand of a miner who had committed suicide, and for a moment there came a temptation from the Devil to follow this example, but Pascho shook his big shoulders as if to cast out the thought, and said to himself, —

"I'll be a man, anyhow, and bear it like a man. After all, if Tamzin can be happier with him it's best as it is."

On the Sunday, however, he met Tamzin at church. His seat there was just behind hers, and the girl never heard a word of the service from the time she was aware of his presence. Coming out he joined her as usual, and Tamzin felt thankful that John was safe at Port Isaac.

Tamzin's heart had been very heavy since that Wednesday night, but she was too proud to show it.

"Good-morning, Pascho," she said pleasantly.

"Good morning, Tamzin; I hope you were none the worse for the storm. I hear the sailors talk of bad weather still to come."

The rest of the small congregation had dispersed before they spoke again, and then it was Tamzin who broke the silence.

"Won't you wish me joy, Pascho?" she said in a low voice — she wanted to get Pascho's reproaches over.

"Ay, that I do, Tamzin; you're not going to doubt that? I'd rather you was happy than myself. But I'll not deny that it's a sore trial."

"I never promised you nothing, Pascho."

"There's none that blames you, Tamzin, least of all myself. I know I'm not worthy of you. You're not like the common run o' women, whilst there's nothing but what's very ordinary about me; but all the same I would have loved you with no common love, Tamzin. There, I shouldn't speak so, I know; but a man can't change his heart, and mine

has grown and grown every year a bit bigger for love of you."

"Oh, Pascho, don't talk like that," said Tamzin miserably. "I couldn't help it."

"Well, we won't talk of it then, Tamzin; but you just understand that I wishes you all the joy a woman can have with a true man, and that's a deep kind o' joy — as deep as one of our quarries, as far as I'm a judge. Just to prove it to you, my dear, I'll do my best not to envy John Kernick. His vessel is coming to our quarry on Tuesday night if its fine weather; but he'll take up his full load round Trevena Port. I'm going in his boat round the point and into Trevena, for the master says there's not a better hand at loading than myself on the works."

Tamzin was seized with a nervous dread. Suppose the two men should come to words, suppose they should fight about her: she would never forgive herself if kind, gentle Pascho was hurt all along of her. John Kernick was such a hasty-tempered man and not to be crossed, as she knew. Even now Tamzin felt her power over the man who had been faithful to her so long.

"Pascho, Pascho," she said, "promise me one thing: promise me that you'll have no words about me with John."

Pascho laughed, a bitter laugh for such a gentle man.

"You needn't fret yourself about that, Tamzin. John's yours now, and I shan't lay a finger on him, you can guess that without my promise."

And with this Tamzin had to be content, only when she parted from the quarryman she went and shut herself up in her room and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, Pascho, poor Pascho! if you would but forget me; but I know you won't."

On the Tuesday the weather was calm enough, and the slate-loading was accomplished from the quarry overhanging the sea without any very great difficulty. Pascho Fuge worked with a will, but every now and then he and the other men who were helping John Kernick on the vessel glanced at the sky and pointed out to each other certain strong indications of rough weather, saying there was mischief brewing.

John saw them too, but he would not heed them; he was bent on putting into Trevena Port and seeing Tamzin as he had promised.

"The weather will hold out till to-morrow, and we can run her in before twelve o'clock to-night and load her," he said

confidently. "We'll sail her round the point as soon as this job's over. There's grog waiting for you up Trevenna, boys, so work away."

John did not know that Pascho was to be the man to accompany him; he had bargained for a quarryman to help him load, and when the work was nearly done, he was by no means pleased to find the big Cornishman coming on board his vessel.

"Are you the chap that's going to help us, Pascho Fuge?" he said sulkily.

"Yes, cap'en; the master sent me," was the straightforward answer, which there was no gainsaying.

"You're not much of a hand with a vessel, I reckon," said John contemptuously; "it wants a deal of pluck and sharpness."

"I've been a quarryman most all my life, still I'm not quite ignorant about a boat," returned Pascho. "It wants a good head in our quarry, and a good head in one place is a good head in another."

"There's a nasty breeze getting up," said John crossly; "we'd better get her from well out among these rocks and lie to till it's time to run her into port. Heave ho, boys!"

It is wonderful in how short a time a storm rises on that coast. It takes but little wind to lash those seldom peaceful waves into fury as they dash against the rocks.

Tamzin could not stay quietly indoors this evening as the wind rose softly at first, then getting higher and higher till, as on the evening of her engagement, it howled like demons let loose. John's boat was to come in with the tide, and Pascho was in her. How would they weather the storm, and would Pascho keep his promise?

"I'll not go to bed till I've news of them," said Tamzin decidedly to her parents. "It's going to be an awful night, and how will they get into any harbor? It were late afore they put off from West Delabole." To which Mrs. Richards answered,—

"It's not fit for you to sit alone, Tamzin, but if you like you may get Sally Rogers to come and stop with you. I'm not going to stay up, I can tell you. I feels my rheumatism coming on."

So Widow Rogers came in when the old people retired to bed; not that they had any real fears about Tamzin; she could take care of herself as well as any woman for miles round, but it was as well to think of what people might say.

"They'll never try to run her in to-

night," said Sally Rogers when she stepped in. She was quite a young woman and a friend of Tamzin's. The "her" was John Kernick's boat, and of course the widow took a special interest in Tamzin's "young man," having quite veered off from poor Pascho.

"John's very fearless," answered Tamzin, looking out anxiously at the driving clouds which swept rapidly across the moon. "If any man can save his vessel he'll do it—but there's Pascho on board with him."

"And what of that—do you expect broken heads, Tamzin? Faith! a man soon gets over a girl's leaving him; he'll expect better luck elsewhere." But Tamzin knew Pascho too well to expect *him* to get over it as easily as that.

"Come, shut to the door," said Widow Rogers, "and let's sit over the fire and chat."

But though Tamzin shut the door and came into the inner room with her friend, raking up the embers and setting a chair for her, she herself could not sit still, but walked slowly along the length of the two rooms in a fever of expectation.

"You don't think harm will come to them, Sally?" she asked, though Sally of course could know no better than herself.

"Harm! what harm can come to them? They'll keep off the rocks and run into Padstow Port right enough, never fear."

"But I've heard John say how hard it is to keep off Trevenna rocks when the wind is dead agen you."

"How you do go on about your John, Tamzin! I never was so mindful of my poor Jacob, that's gone, afore I married him, and to tell the truth, I got to love him a deal better after we was married."

"That's not like me," said Tamzin quickly, standing up in all her height and beauty, whilst her cheeks flushed suddenly; "if I didn't feel all the love afore, I should just get to hate and fear a man afterwards. A woman's but a poor slave at best; it wants a deal of love to balance the trouble."

"It's just woman's lot to slave for the men, and it ain't so bad, Tamzin, when one gets used to it; it's better than being pointed at as a girl unmated."

Tamzin shrugged her shoulders. Such weak sentiment met with no response in her breast; love might master her, but not this folly.

Suddenly borne along by the wind there came a distant noise, as if from the Port.

"Lord 'a' mercy!" cried Sally, "what's

that? I'm sure it's Tregeagle at his tricks agen."

Tamzin shuddered. "No, it ain't, Sally," she replied, "it's a shouting down the Port way." And before many minutes a rush of footsteps past the door settled the question, as along the village street came the cry, "A vessel on the rocks!"

"Sally, it's John Kernick's boat, I know it is — something told me as there was mischief to come to-night. I must go down to the Port, I must."

"It's no fit place for a woman, girl; there'll be no standing down there agen this wind. Give it up — it'll soon end one way or another."

"Look here, Sally," said Tamzin, not heeding her words, "you stay here and keep a good fire up, and get blankets ready — you know what's wanted at these times, and I'll go down Port. Give me my jacket and my hood, and don't let them know up-stairs."

Nothing on earth could have kept Tamzin back — all her spirit was up. She was no longer a weak girl, but a strong, determined woman, whose whole soul was in that boat, and yet her thoughts were —

"John Kernick's safe enough, he can take care of himself in any sea, but he'll leave Pascho, and there'll be no one knows as Pascho's aboard but me. I must go."

In a few moments she had prepared herself for the wind in a tight jacket and close hood, and opening the door she found herself out in a fierce storm of wind with occasional dashes of pelting rain, though the moon shone through the clouds at intervals so that at times the surrounding objects were plain enough.

All the men in the village were astir; the news ran like wild fire that a vessel was on the rocks, and as they hurried down the steep path they conjectured where she was.

"She's sure to have foundered on the Island Rock," said one.

"No, on Barras Nose," said another.

"It'll go hard with her wherever it be," said a third. "Why, here's Tamzin. Lord, girl! it's not a night for you to be out; go back — go back!"

"I must come — I will come!" cried Tamzin, hurrying on; "nothing hurts me, and maybe it's my friends aboard."

Nimble feet on a fine day might make ten minutes' work of getting down to the Port, but to-night the wind was so strong that it was a hard matter for a woman to stand against it as it whirled up the narrow valley, seemingly bent on the destruc-

tion of everything that came in its way. But Tamzin thought of nothing but the end of her journey; she did not heed the loose stones that lay in her path, or the rain that now and again splashed against her face. As she approached the rocky landing-place, the scene that presented itself was indeed one of confusion. The narrow ledge was crowded with men, all shouting and gesticulating, some vainly trying to throw ropes to the ship across an awful chasm of boiling waves. For the vessel was not, as was naturally expected, stranded at the entrance of the Port, but in the Port itself on a rock that rises in the centre of the small cove, and on the summit of which a large wooden stake was fixed, as a warning at high tide.

It was indeed John Kernick's boat; with wonderful skill he had rounded the point, but by that time even he had seen that in face of such a storm as was now rising, his only chance of safety was to make for Padstow Harbor; but it was too late — the wind was dead against him, and he was in spite of all his efforts driven back again round Trevenna Head into the surging angry waves that dashed with a roar like thunder into the caves at the foot of the island and raged right up to the landing-stage, sending the foam and spray far above over the cliffs.

A sudden gust of wind drove the vessel right into the tiny Port and against the dangerous rock we have mentioned, on which it now remained fast, washed from stem to stern by the breakers.

Not one of the crowd of sailors present expected for a moment to save the vessel — all were only anxious for the lives of the five men on board, but these were just beyond reach, and at present all their efforts were being directed towards flinging a rope across the boiling chasm of water that separated their friends from safety.

The moon burst forth suddenly as Tamzin pushed her way on to the landing-place and beheld the foaming sea below her, while just opposite was John Kernick's vessel, looking as if each wave must make an end of it, and send its planks drifting asunder.

"Try again, mates," cried a Trevenna man, once more hurling with all his might a strong rope weighted at the end across the gulf; but both wind and wave were against him, and it fell short.

"Save them — you must save them!" cried Tamzin, and though her voice was drowned in the storm, the men about her saw her distress and pitied her. One or

two women now joined the group, and among them was Pascho's sister, who had only just heard of the danger her brother was in. The girl wrung her hands as she saw the awful situation of the vessel, and hardly knowing what she did, seized hold of Tamzin; Tamzin turned her beautiful face towards her and murmured, —

"They must — yes, they must save them!" But the woman recoiled.

"Save them! ay, Tamzin, *you* may well say that — you that have been nearly the death of him, with your cruel heart; there's not another like Pascho all the country round, but he ain't the same man since you jilted him."

Tamzin had no time to answer, for suddenly there was a shout, or rather a groan from all present as a huge wave swept over the vessel and broke her up as if she had been touchwood. But the tide was still all in favor of the sailors, and happily the moon was yet brilliant.

"Ropes, ropes!" cried the men. "Now's the time, mates; if they can keep afloat five minutes, we'll save them." And there, sure enough, was one dark figure rising on the crest of a wave and evidently clinging to a plank. It was easy now to throw the rope, and what a shout of joy arose when it was seized, and how willing were the hands that hauled up the man who clung to it!

"Saved!" It was John Kernick who stood there among them, apparently little the worse for his ducking.

"John — John Kernick!" cried Tamzin, seizing him. "Where's Pascho? He can't swim like you; save him, do."

There was a muttered oath as John dashed away the salt water from his hair. The sailors had closed in again near the edge. Another head had appeared — another effort was being made to save life. No one noticed Tamzin and John.

"Is that the way you greet me, Tamzin, with your first words given to Pascho Fuge?"

"Nay, thank God you're saved — but oh, John, *he* must not die." And Tamzin frantically tried again to edge herself in among the men who were hoisting up another fellow-creature. It was one of the sailors, and he too was received with a shout, as he, like his captain, seemed none the worse for his immersion. At the same moment another man was literally flung on the steps leading to the beach, and was only just rescued before a wave seized him; but he, poor fellow, was stunned, and one arm hung broken by his side. Several volunteers at once bore him away

to the village, which was no small act of charity on their part, considering the excitement at the Port was at its height.

"Pascho, Pascho!" shrieked his sister.

"You must save him," echoed Tamzin, who had now struggled to the edge, whilst John Kernick kept close by her side, his face lowering with an angry, vengeful look.

"There's another!" they cried; "a rope, a rope!" Battling, struggling, clinging to a mast, there, indeed, was another. It would have been impossible to recognize him had it not been for his light reddish hair. Yes, it must be Pascho; and Tamzin stretched out her arms towards the man she had wronged, as if she must be the one to rescue him.

"Save him!" again she cried; "he mustn't die!"

"You didn't take on so about me, Tamzin," said John Kernick angrily, as other hands, not his, flung a rope into the seething water. This unworthy jealousy exhibited at such a moment suddenly angered Tamzin; her soul rebelled against it. She did not know that John had spoken hard words to Pascho, and that there was ill-blood between them, though the miser had been true to his promise of keeping the peace. The drowning man seized the rope.

"Hold fast!" they cried, for a tremendous wave was driving in, and would certainly engulf him before they could pull him up. It passed, and spent itself against the rocky wall, and then all hands at once hoisted in the rope. This required great care, for Pascho could give but little help on his side; he had been longer fighting for life, and was more exhausted than the other two.

"Thank God!" said Tamzin, with a sob in her voice, as they drew him to the foot of the ledge, and now began pulling him up.

A terrible, overwhelming feeling of jealousy suddenly seized John Kernick. He had been so proud of having won Tamzin, so elated over his superior powers of fascination, that now the Devil seemed to take possession of his soul when he heard *her* voice saying, "Thank God!" with that little sob of relief in it, for John was close to her side, and, without Tamzin knowing it, he had seized her wrist.

Now quick as lightning he loosened his hold, drew out his clasp-knife, and opening it, unperceived by the crowd, he stooped down and slashed at the rope, cutting it half through. Quickly it began

to unwind, and heavier grew the weight it had to bear.

In another second the so-called accident was discovered. "The rope's cut agen the rocks!" cried the men in consternation. "Hold on a minute, Pascho Fuge! Pull gently, boys, and heave him another rope. It's all up with him if he falls."

At these words John Kernick's strong head reeled; he slunk out of the place he had made for himself, and once more was by Tamzin's side. She was trying to see what was going on, trying to hear the shout of rescue, when suddenly her wrist was again seized by her lover.

"Listen, Tamzin!" said John in a terrible voice; "do you hear me, girl? The rope's cut, and I did it! There's no hope for him now!"

Tamzin gave a little shriek, drowned, it is true, by the noise around her, but she wrenched away her hand.

"You've killed him, John Kernick! Let me go! I must save him, or die with him!"

John held her back by main force. "Hark, girl! it's too late; the rope's snapped. Curse me if you can!"

True enough, a low groan of disappointment and despair burst from the crowd, and some one near Tamzin said,—

"Pascho Fuge is lost. The rope's cut, and he's fallen back into the sea. God have mercy on him! He was most nigh spent just now." Tamzin gazed wildly at John.

"You've murdered him, John Kernick!" she exclaimed. "Leave go of me! How dare you touch me? I never want to see you again!"

Heaven help the man thus seized with the terrible demon of jealousy! Heaven help him, indeed, when, having satisfied the feeling of revenge, he finds the fearful flood of remorse let in to drown his soul! John Kernick dashed away Tamzin's hand when he had led her from the edge of the rock, and then flinging himself up the slippery path leading over the hill, disappeared from sight.

For a few seconds the girl darted after him, then paused and tried to remember where she was. At last, moaning and shivering like a child that has been hurt, she hurried along up the road to the village and to her home.

John had said so, and she knew it too—Pascho could not survive another immersion in that awful sea. What had she heard? Had John Kernick spoken rightly? Had *he* cut the rope that was Pascho's safety? Tamzin shuddered, but

at that moment she had made up her mind irrevocably—nothing should ever draw the awful secret from her lips. John seemed suddenly dead to her, and who would think of accusing a dead man of murder? Was he not already before his Judge?

Her tottering steps could make but little way, and in five minutes she had accomplished but a third of the distance. Still the wind howled, and still it bore to her ears the shouts from the Port. Then she heard behind her the sound of several footsteps hurrying in the same direction as herself. Even before she looked round she knew what it was, and shrunk back under the cover of a projecting rock which overshadowed the path. Then in silence four men passed her bearing between them a body decently covered with a sail.

"Tell me, is he dead?" she said hurriedly, coming out from her shelter, and touching one of the men with her hand.

The men started, for they had not seen her.

"Ay, ay, he's dead, poor fellow; there was no living any longer in that sea."

"Yes, *he* said so, and it is true," murmured Tamzin; but the men had passed on, walking swiftly and steadily with their burden, and Tamzin followed more slowly, and fancied she was going to the churchyard, and that she was Pascho's only mourner at his funeral.

"But I did love you, Pascho," she said to herself, "only I was vain and foolish. It was you as I cared for all along, Pascho, my dear; I know it now it's too late."

Before she reached her own home, the corpse and its bearers had disappeared, and when she knocked, and Sally Rogers, all excitement and eagerness, opened the door, she saw a different Tamzin to the one who had gone out an hour or so before.

"Don't you ask me, Sally; I couldn't talk of it just now, but I will tell you one thing—there's many a sore heart in Trevenna to-night, but none so sore as mine."

"John Kernick's dead then?" whispered Sally, awe-struck.

"Nay, nay, not John Kernick, but another," and thereupon she laid her head on the table, and seemed lost to all around her. Sally felt that Tamzin had seen something terrible; and though she longed to hear the details, she would not leave her friend or tease her with questions, but after a while got her up-stairs,

and undressed her, and spoke simple comforting words to her—nay, even lay down by her for fear she would have "visions" of that dreadful scene, whatever it might have been, till at last when the storm abated Tamzin Richards, worn out mentally and bodily, fell into a troubled sleep.

The Trevenna men, having completed their work of rescue, hurried to their homes again. These scenes were of too frequent occurrence to cause a great excitement, but in Pascho's house there was no going to bed that night; and John Kernick, as he walked unheedingly over the high land that skirted the coast, seemed like Cain of old to defy the elements. Terrible is man's remorse, and so awful was it to John Kernick that he could not think of the lesser evil that had come upon him, though in a way he was all the while conscious of it. He had killed his rival—ay, and by his own words to Tamzin he had forever lost all chance of her love. Once he passed by the slate quarries, and had he not known every inch of the way he might have easily slipped over the black gulf which bordered the path. For one moment Kernick thought he would end life and his remorse by throwing himself down one of the black pits, but he dared not face death and eternity with this burden on his conscience, no, even though he now and then half fancied that he himself was the Tregeagle whose story he knew so well; surely his sins would find him out, and the Devil claim his soul if he died that night, just as he had claimed Tregeagle's spirit at his death. It was morning before the wretched man came back, as it were, to his right senses. Looking around he saw that he was not so very far from Trevenna. An irresistible desire once more to see Tamzin possessed him; he would again hear from her lips her hatred of him and of his deed, and then he would leave the country and go beyond seas.

But with the daylight came humbler feelings, and the strong man, who had not prayed for years, lifted up his heart to God and asked that his punishment might be on earth, and not in the after life. If, as was certainly the case, the Devil had that night fought for the soul of John Kernick, the man's good angel had fought also and had prevailed.

Almost spent with misery and exertion, John Kernick, footsore and terribly haggard, stood before the Richards' cottage that morning just as the familiar village

sights and sounds were beginning to wake up, for they were early folk in Trevenna, despite the night's excitement. Old Richards himself was opening his shutters, or what acted as such in a place where thieves were not thought of, and looking round he perceived John Kernick standing by his side.

"Welcome back, my son," said the old man, nodding. "Where hast been all night? It was a bare chance for thee yester-eve, they say. I've been seeing one of your men, who told me all about it; he came here looking for you."

The ordinary tone did much towards restoring John's presence of mind. "How's Tamzin?" he said slowly, though he found it hard to speak her name.

"I heard Tamzin a-coming down just now; maybe she's in the back room. Go in, my son; my old woman's abed to-day with the rheumatiz, so I'm the stay o' the house; but Sally Rogers gave us a helping hand last night—a kind soul is Sally, but she's gone home now."

John Kernick did not hear half these little homely words; he only took in that Tamzin was in the back room alone. He would go and see her, and then fly forever from Trevenna. He walked slowly across the shop and opened the inner door, and there sat Tamzin by the window, her back to him, gazing out with a terribly sad and altered face on the tiny glimpse of the distant sea which was there visible. The raging waves had calmed themselves; they were now but "white horses" sweeping majestically in towards the land.

The girl did not look round till John Kernick said in a low voice,—

"Tamzin!" He expected her to turn upon him as he knew well that an angry woman could do, and he meant to bear her reproaches patiently, but instead of this Tamzin almost wearily put her hand on his arm.

"John Kernick, I am glad you're come. I've been wanting to see you, just to say one thing. I acted wrong by you: if you sinned—and that shall be between you and me forever—I too sinned terribly. Forgive me, John; last night I saw my heart, as it was in reality. I have been proud and vain all my life. I gave my word to a man as touched my pride, but all the same I loved another—him as had been waiting for me so long; him as"—her voice faltered—"I shall see in heaven, John Kernick, and for whom I must wait till I die. Give me back my word, John; it has only brought evil on us both. Ah, John, I followed his corpse

last night, and my heart seemed to go straight out of me into his grave, and that's how it will be till the end."

"There's no maid as need marry a murderer," said John slowly, not daring to look up. "I'll never wed in this life. I came but to bid thee good-bye, Tamzin. I'm going beyond the seas. You'll sometimes speak —"

"Hush!" said Tamzin. "There's some one talking in the shop. Good-bye, John Kernick. I can't take your hand — not now, not yet; but mayhap some day, when I'm an old woman." Neither of them noticed that the door was quietly opened behind them; neither of them for a few seconds was aware of any one entering, till suddenly there came the words,

"John Kernick, I've not come to disturb ye, but only just to shake hands wi' ye. We must never have hard words again after last night's work. Shake hands, man! The Lord forbid you and I should have any bitter feeling atween us."

Tamzin stood paralyzed, for there before her was Pascho — nay, not Pascho, but his wraith, who had come to forgive John Kernick and to show her how to forgive. John also was too much surprised to take the hand that was stretched out to him.

"Pascho, is it you and not your ghost?" cried Tamzin, brave as usual, suddenly seizing his hand. "Pascho, speak to me! I thought you were dead."

"Nay, nay, Tamzin, I was saved; 'twas the poor sailor as was drowned. But had it been the Lord's will, I would fain have taken his place, save for my mother's sake. She and my sister was sore troubled when they brought me home well-nigh spent. But I'm that strong a bit of a wetting is nothing to me."

Pascho, feeling Tamzin's hands clasped round his arm, was warming up to his subject. He thought that even to see this look on her sweet face it was good he had lived. After all, she did care a bit for him, if not in *that* way. But he was hardly prepared for Tamzin — proud Tamzin — bursting into tears, and saying, —

"Thank God a thousand times, Pascho, that you're not dead. John Kernick, give him your hand; there'll never be any words betwixt you again."

"God helping me, never," said John Kernick, wringing the quarryman's hand as if he would wring it off. Pascho did not know, was never to know, what his life was to John, for it brought a happiness far better and higher than his death would have done.

As there was forgiveness for the re-

pentant thief on the cross, so surely is there for the contrite murderer, or for the one whom God has saved from the natural result of his own wickedness.

"Ay, ay, Pascho Fuge, there'll never be any more words betwixt us. Tamzin, let me tell him, don't be afraid of me any more. Tamzin's found out as it's you as she loves, and we've agreed between us it's best so. If I have loved her, why so have you, and more truly too, and may God forgive all our mistakes! I'm going now; but just tell me, Pascho, how was you saved?"

"They were hauling up the rope, when it got cut agen the rocks, and I fell back. I give myself over then for lost, as I was well nigh spent, when just by me they flung down another rope with a loop in it. God gave me strength to slip it round me, for I should never have had power to hold on to it; and so they hauled me in much as if I had been a log. But what's this, Tamzin — it ain't true, be it?"

"Ay, man, it's true enough," said John Kernick, dashing away a tear from his eye; "and you're worthy on her, Pascho, God bless thee!"

After all, my tale ends with a wedding; but it was not the Tamzin of old that Pascho vowed to love forever: out of his suffering he had reaped something better than the handsomest bride in Trevenna. The girl was changed from the night of the shipwreck; a humbled, God-fearing woman was Tamzin Fuge, who proved to be a useful, devoted wife, though some accused her of having lost her old spirit. Pascho never saw any fault in her, and, what was more, she never saw any in him — rather an uncommon result of matrimony. Only one secret did Tamzin ever keep from her husband, and that was how the rope was cut which had so nearly cost him his life.

And John Kernick? He never left the country, but he too was an altered character. His old companions jeered him about losing his sweetheart, and told him he should have been able to cut out a man like Pascho Fuge; but he never answered any of these pleasantries, and by degrees he became what his neighbors called "terribly religious." In time he took to preaching, and never wearied of visiting those lonely parts of the country where other men feared to go.

Years after he inherited a little fortune, and settled at Trevenna, where Tamzin's children loved no one better than "big Uncle Kernick."

ESME STUART.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
FASHIONABLE ENGLISH.

HAS the extension of popular education tended to the conservation of the English language in its literary purity? Is not the word education, to some extent, a misnomer? And should not the process which we designate by that name be more properly called "instruction," that is to say in the arts and accomplishments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which are but the tools of education, and not education itself? These questions are important, and opinion will greatly vary as to the answers that ought to be given to them. It is true, that in the late Lord Brougham's phrase, the schoolmaster has been abroad, and that the operations of that elementary functionary have been widely extended since Lord Brougham's time; and it is also true, that between the primary power of reading, and the secondary but more important power of turning that reading to profitable account, there exists a mighty difference. Lord Brougham's schoolmaster taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and Mr. Forster's schoolmasters teach little more. But this is not education, though unthinking people consider it to be so — and though paying the school-rate with more or less unwillingness, they pride themselves on doing their duty, though perfunctorily, in the cause of education. In our day as in every other, everybody speaks; and in our day as in every other, few people speak well; and in our time, more perhaps than in any other — almost everybody writes. But very few authors in the last quarter of the nineteenth century write much better than they talk.

The late Mr. G. P. Marsh of Massachusetts, who died recently in the position of American ambassador to the kingdom of Italy, in his excellent lectures on the English language, originally delivered at Columbia College, New York, and afterwards reprinted in the United States and in England, records "that a distinguished British scholar of the last century declared that he had known but three or four of his countrymen who spoke their native language with uniform grammatical accuracy, and that the great French writer, Paul Louis Courier, asserted that in his day there might have been five or six persons who knew Greek thoroughly, but that the French who could speak or write French correctly were still fewer in number."

In our day it may be said with still greater truth — as applied to the writing

of English — that of the great multitude of writers whom the extension of elementary education and the vast increase of periodical literature have produced, few take the trouble or possess the taste and ability to write their native language as it ought to be written by all who aspire to see their compositions in print.

Thousands of articles are published every day in the newspapers, and possibly thousands of novels and volumes of verse are annually given to the world without the excuse of haste which may be accepted on behalf of periodical writers. In consequence of this profusion of literary work performed by neophytes, who write as fluently as they talk, and with as little preliminary study, the standard of literary taste has fallen. Men and women who adopt the literary profession without adequate qualification, except a little smattering of everything, or who, having the qualification, are not able to afford themselves the time to give their talents fair play, seldom or never take the trouble to study critically the language which is the vehicle of their thoughts. A man may not practise as a physician or a surgeon, a barrister or an attorney, without qualifying himself for his vocation by time and study, and the approval of the heads of the profession to which he aspires to belong; but any man or woman can become an author — or a cook — without leave asked of anybody; and the cookery in these instances is often better than the authorship.

At the same time it would be unjust to deny that many leading articles and many books, written by careless and imperfectly educated people, reflect the highest credit upon the ability of their authors. A slipshod and even a vulgar style of writing is quite compatible with persuasive power, critical acumen, irrefragable logic, and even with eloquence, inasmuch as all these intellectual gifts are sometimes found in the possession of wholly illiterate people, and even of savages. But, granted the possession of the critical acumen, the logical power and the eloquence, all these qualities would be enhanced and adorned if they were accompanied by a thorough mastery of the language in which they were exhibited, and by the graces of style which distinguish all writers of genius, and even of commanding talent.

In the days in which our lot is cast, days when in consequence of the annually increasing multiplicity of our numbers in the limited area of these islands, creating a pressure which a copious emigration

does but little to remove or even to alleviate, the struggle for bare subsistence is abnormally severe; and when that for wealth and social pre-eminence is severer still, all literature of the highest order, requiring thought and study, stands but a slender chance of appreciation. People are too much preoccupied with all-engrossing and grinding cares to find time or inclination for much reading beyond that which the newspapers supply. And the newspapers, without meaning any disrespect to them, are so prolix, that, not contented with telling the news once, they make *crambe repetita* of it, by telling it again in their editorial columns, interlarding the narrative with a needless commentary, or deducing a too obvious moral from the tritest of stories. In addition to this unnecessary repetition, they invade what used to be the function of books and purely literary periodicals, and diurnally publish essays, often very readable, on a variety of social subjects that do not come properly within the category of current events, or diurnal history. One of the results is that those who make it a point to read the newspapers and magazines, can rarely find time to read anything else. If perchance these busy people desire to read a book, they generally prefer one that does not overtax their mental energies, or which ministers solely to their amusement, or, at the best, prevents them from falling asleep after the business of the day is concluded.

In the great and increasing army of newspaper writers, it is not to be expected that every private in the ranks is, or ever can be, a master of style, or one who can afford time to cultivate the graces of a Steele, an Addison, or a Junius. It is sufficient for the rank and file that they make themselves intelligible, and that they do not preach above the heads and the understandings of their readers. But writers may be simple and intelligible — and on a level with the intelligence of those whom they address — whilst grinding out as from a barrel-organ the old similitudes, the old and worn-out phrases of their predecessors. For a good or apt word, and a happy phrase, all readers ought to be grateful, but writers ought to beware of repeating them too often, or introducing them on all occasions relevant or irrelevant, especially if they be inferior writers — mere parrots and mocking-birds — who catch a word by the ear and use it without intelligence or necessity. Such words and phrases soon degenerate into slang.

Among these stock phrases continually employed by careless writers, mere echoes of the sounds that others have made, are the following old acquaintances of the daily press: —

"For a moment." — Thus if a thing is not to be endured, believed, tolerated, or thought of, it is inevitably added that they are not to be believed, etc., *for a moment*.

"At large." — The community, the nation, society, the public, are scarcely ever mentioned in leading articles, or in speeches, without the unnecessary addendum "at large," though each of these substantives would be sufficient without it.

"Conspicuous by its absence." — This figure of speech was first made with happy effect by the late Earl Russell, in commenting upon the absence on a great occasion of one who ought to have been present. Since that day — more than twenty years ago — the phrase, paradoxical though it be, but effective and intelligible, has taken the fancy of a vast multitude of over-ready writers, and has done duty almost diurnally, to prove the penury of idea of those who habitually make use of it.

"The irony of fate" was an excellent phrase originally, but when employed without discretion by people who have not considered what irony means, or what fate is (the stern, the unbending, the invincible, the inevitable), it becomes a locution as idle as the parrot's utterance of "pretty Poll." Irony is a jest, and a mockery; but there is no jesting, no mockery in fate. Jest and mockery are human, but fate is divine.

"History repeats itself." — This is an untruth, or at best a half truth, which is constantly dinned into the ears of the unthinking. The phrase is acceptable to people who would accept anything if uttered *ex cathedra* and in a loud voice of authority. But the assertion is baseless. Similar incidents occur in all ages and in all countries; but the germs of those incidents, their surroundings, their developments, and their results are infinitely varied in the progress of the ages. The execution of Charles I. in England, and of Louis XVI. in France, have been triumphantly cited as proofs of the so-called fact that there is nothing new in history; but where is the repetition in the fate of Charles I. and Louis XVI. in the subsequent history of both countries? It does not exist, and the constant iteration of the phrase is not merely a misleading

platitude, but a weariness of spirit to the thoughtful few who study history for themselves and draw rational conclusions from its teachings.

"*Reading between the lines.*"—This well-worn phrase is constantly employed by writers who imagine themselves to be wiser than their neighbors, and who fancy they can discover ambiguous meanings in the plainest statements, and detect treachery in the mere assertion that two and two are four. They "read between the lines," as they say, and find that two and two are intended to represent five, or perhaps five hundred, in the apparently plain statement to which they give their sinister interpretation.

Several other phrases, unobjectionable in themselves, but rendered offensive by perpetual reiteration, affront the eyes of newspaper readers every morning and evening; and infest the pages of the multitudinous novels that serve to amuse or to weary the leisure of those who have nothing to think about. Among these are "The spur of the occasion;" "The courage of his convictions;" "That goes without saying;" "We are free to confess;" "We have a *shrewd* suspicion;" "Equal to the occasion;" "The devouring element;" "Within an *inch* of his life," and many others equally familiar.

Among single words that may fairly come under the designation of newspaper slang, are *ventilate*, instead of to discuss, *succumb* instead of to die, *demise* instead of death; *form* instead of condition or manners; *lengthy*, instead of long. It must be said for lengthy when used for tediously long, that it is a good word in itself, as marking a difference between *long*, which is not too long—and long which is much too long; but when a writer describes a "*lengthy* journey by rail," the adjective is so misapplied, that the reader may be justified in asking if the traveller did not undertake the journey in a *strengthened* carriage?

The novelists in some respects are greater adepts in slang than the newspapers; and borrow the language of the sculptor and the stonemason. In describing the personal beauty of their heroes or heroines, they almost invariably write that their noses are beautifully *cut*, and their lips and chins finely or delicately *chiselled*; while eyebrows are neither *cut* nor *chiselled* but *carved*.

Paint is a word applied to the color of natural objects, for which may be pleaded the great example of Shakespeare, when he wrote, —

When daisies pied and violets blue
Do *paint* the meadows with delight.

But it is an example which ought not to be frequently followed—and never by any one whose genius does not warrant him in taking liberties with the language. *Transpire* is a word that careless writers continually employ instead of to "happen." *Transpire* originally signified to emit insensible vapor through the pores of the skin. It was afterwards used metaphorically in the sense of to become known, to emerge from secrecy into comparative or positive publicity. This was a perfectly permissible and correct employment of the word; but when a newspaper writer, commenting upon the outrages committed by the Communists of Paris in 1870, spoke of "the events that have recently *transpired* in France," he used a word without comprehending its meaning, and outraged his mother tongue. We have not yet come to the barbarism of writing, "An accident *transpired* in the streets yesterday," but there is no knowing how soon the superfine penny-a-liner may accustom us to the solecism.

Among the recent vulgarisms that have crept into the press is an abuse of the suffix *dom*, from the Teutonic *thum*, as legitimately used in *kingdom*, *Christendom*, *popedom*, *czardom*, *dukedom*, *earldom*, *wisdom*, *martyrdom*, *freedom*, etc. The word, however, does not admit of unlimited extension at the hands either of neologists or of would-be-comic writers.

"Officialdom is strong in France, in Germany, and in Russia."—*Globe*. Still worse than officialdom, is womanism for the female sex, and *trouserdom*, as used by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 27, 1882, for the male sex—as the wearers of trousers. But as Mademoiselle Thérèse used to sing in the *cafés chantants* of Paris, "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur," so nothing is sacred to the grinning sciolists who aspire to be facetious.

The much-abused system of competitive examination for public employment, which threatens to reduce all our young men to one dead level of Chinese mediocrity, has enriched the already too copious vocabulary of literary slang by two words: to *cram*, and to *coach*. *Cram* is a term of disparagement, but to *coach* is considered legitimate, as in the following advertisement: "A professor of elocution and dramatic art, privately *coaches* amateurs in acting or reading." (The *coach* or the man who *coaches*, is sometimes irrever-

ently but not inappropriately called a *grinder*).

Persuasion is a word that, besides its ordinary and familiar meaning — which it is unnecessary to set forth — has come to signify the particular belief of any class of dissenters from the doctrines or observances of the Church of Rome. Thus, it is correct to say that a man is of the "Protestant persuasion," the "Methodist persuasion," the "Baptist persuasion," the "Presbyterian persuasion," etc.; but it is not correct to say that he is of the "Jewish persuasion," the "Mahomedan persuasion," the "Buddhist persuasion," etc., because these are not sects of any greater faiths or religions. But the prevalence of the word in religious matters has led, in the newspapers, to a wholly unjustifiable abuse of it, by the illiterate vulgar, or by the semi-educated vulgar, who are more to blame for their ignorance than the utterly ignorant. Thus, a reporter for the daily press, when examined as a witness, was asked what was his business or profession — and replied that he was of the *reportorial persuasion*! just as, if an ass could speak, he might reply, if a similar question were put to him, that he was "of the asinine persuasion."

Equally, or even more, detestable is the use of the word as applied to sex. In a letter from West Hampstead, in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 8, 1882, in reference to the alarm created by a recent burglary; the writer recommends every householder to discharge his revolver whenever he shall find any unauthorized person of the "*male persuasion*" on his premises during the hours of darkness." More flagrant still is the use of the word applied to a girl or woman, as a "friend of the *female persuasion*." "One of the *female persuasion*, if she be a cook in a good family, is an awfully good friend of the unmarried policeman," is the statement of a would-be-comic writer in the columns of a would-be-comic periodical.

The loss of the good old English word *clepe*, which long ago dropped out of the language, and which signified to call a thing by its name, has never been satisfactorily supplied. Two irreverent and vulgar substitutes have recently been found for it, both in the press and in conversation — in "baptize" and "christen." These two words ought to be reserved for the solemn ceremony of naming a child of Christian parents at the font, or of receiving a convert into the Christian Church, but of late years both have been

indiscriminately and most improperly used for naming anything — from a battle to a ship, a street, or even a dog or a horse. For instance, in commenting upon the question of the removal of the grates to the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons, the *Times* in a leading article remarked (July 12, 1869): "The *grate* question of the ladies' gallery, as Mr. Lowe *christened* it." That horses are *christened* may be learned from a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 7, 1882, who tells the world that subsequent to the great Civil War in the United States, "many a favorite hunter was *christened* after Stonewall Jackson." Even stones are *christened*, according to a writer in the same newspaper, October 22, 1882: "This quaint, strange fossil, commonly called thunderbolt, which is to be found everywhere in all the oolitic and cretaceous strata, from the lowest lias to the upper chalk, resembles nothing so much as a large tenpenny nail or slate pin, and its appearance is sufficiently indicated by its name, which, in effect, signifies arrow-head. The Germans called the strange object *Pfeilstein* and *Donnerstein*, and the French *christen* it *pierre de foudre*." "Weights and measures" may also be *christened* according to the *Echo*, May 25, 1880: "On a recent visit of the weights and measures inspector the unfortunate standards were observed, and Dr. Siemens was summoned in due form and mulcted in two marks (2s.) — a warning to all philosophers who may have weights not properly *christened* by the authorities." Writing of a fashionable hairdresser in Paris, the *Globe*, November, 1881, went so far as to *baptize* the action of his scissors: "His place has become the fashionable shaving-shop of all Paris and has obtained an almost European reputation. Shaving and hair-cutting are a branch of art in his eyes. He studies the dress, appearance, and profession of his sitters, giving instructions to his acolytes who wield the shears, condescending at times to add the finishing touches. *He has baptized each snip of the scissors with some peculiar name.*" Even the "club" of a savage, according to the *Daily News*, February 25, 1879, was *christened*. "The great hero of the Zulus, before they knew Europeans, was a warrior who *christened* his club 'the watcher of the fords.'" The *Globe*, April 10, 1879, speaks of the "*christening* of our streets," — which certainly, if it could be effected with success upon many of the male and female frequenters, would

be a consummation devoutly to be wished. "It is quite surprising what a little use our modern *Ædiles* make of history when they *christen* or *re-christen* the streets and squares of our great cities."

Ilk. — This word has been borrowed from the Lowland Scotch — and signifies the same — or of the same place — as in Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Forbes of Forbes, Macnab of Macnab, etc. In these phrases it signifies that the man's name is the same as that of his estate, and *ilk* is substituted, to avoid a repetition, as Mackintosh of that *ilk*, Forbes of that *ilk*, Macnab of that *ilk* — *i.e.*, of that same. Modern writers in the press, ignorant of the true meaning of "*ilk*," and supposing that it signifies of the same kind, sort, description, or genus, continually make use of it in a sense that would make Mackintosh of that *ilk* either laugh or shudder. Thus the *Standard*, December 14, 1880, speaking of several Parisian journals of the same shade of politics, says: "The *Défense*, the *Univers*, and their *confrères* of the same *ilk*, are loud in their appeals to the president to throw the Chamber and the Republicans overboard." In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 24, 1869, occurs, "Many barbarians of this *ilk*, and even of later times;" and in the *Daily Telegraph*, February 8, 1870, a writer informed his readers that "Matilda lived in St. John's villas, Twickenham, and Mr. Passmore in King Street of the same *ilk*."

Among the many corruptions which have long been creeping into the newspapers are the present tenses of the verbs to *bid* and to *dare*, which hasty writers persistently use for the preterite and past participle *bade* and *bidden*; *dared* and *durst*. The fact is that *bade* and *durst*, and even *dares*, have become all but obsolete in our day, without any possible reason either in grammar or in euphony. Why, for instance, should not *bade* or *bidden* be used in the following instances from the *Times* and the *Quarterly Review*? "Mr. Charles Dickens finally *bid* farewell to Philadelphia." — *Times*. "Uncertain even at that epoch (1864) of Austria's fidelity, Prussia *bid* high for German leadership." — *Times*. "He called his servants and *bid* them procure firearms." — *Times*. "The competition is so sharp and general that the leader of to-day can never be sure that he will not be *outbid* to-morrow." — *Quarterly Review*. And why not *durst* in the following extract from the Rev. Charles Kingsley? "Neither her maidens nor the priest

dare speak to her for half an hour." — "Hereward the Wake."

It is scarcely possible to take up any newspaper — daily or weekly — metropolitan or provincial, or any magazine or periodical whatever, without finding the mathematical word "*factor*" employed on every variety of occasion. No doubt the word is sometimes convenient, and if only used sparingly might be accepted as a welcome substitute for many an awkward periphrasis; but its constant iteration, without reason or relevancy, is a nuisance. Take for instance the following examples of its misuse, selected at random from recent newspapers. Writing of the desire of the Americans to possess a monolith or obelisk, such as that conveyed from Egypt to London by the liberality and public spirit of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the *Daily Telegraph* remarks, October 12, 1880: "If Americans really travel abroad, as the *New York World* seems to think, because they have no obelisks at home, defeated Europe will not grudge them the most superior monolith. It seems that a man of wealth and leisure 'finds no interest to keep him in New York compared to what allures him to foreign capitals.' If obelisks make a *factor* in the sum of foreign allurements, by all means let New York have one or more all to herself." The weather has also its "*factor*," according to the *Globe*, May 28, 1877: "As one of the *factors* of weather, such as temperature, humidity, or atmospheric pressure." So also the decline of English opera is to be attributed to a "*factor*." "But we, while lamenting that no English opera exists, overlook the most essential *factor* in the case. Take our music schools, for example. What is the Royal Academy of Music doing on behalf of opera? Absolutely nothing beyond providing a small supply of men for the orchestra." — *Daily Telegraph*, October 25, 1877. The Jesuits and Jesuitism have also their "*factor*." "Jesuitism has been charged with atrocious crimes, credited with fabulous influence, supposed to possess almost superhuman cunning. But through evil report and good report it has preserved its existence, and has made itself a *factor* not to be neglected by any statesman or historian." — *Daily News*, November, 1879. Mr. Gladstone, with his influential name and real scholarship, is also responsible for the misuse of the word. Mr. Gladstone's article on "the Hellenic *Factor* in the Eastern Question" appears translated into Spanish in the *Revista*

Contemporanea of April 30. Following the example of Mr. Gladstone — and writing on the Eastern Question and Mr. Gladstone's attempted solution of it — the *Daily Telegraph*, November 30, 1879, says: "Another delusion dispelled by this war is that which apprehends Russia to be a civilizing *factor* in the East-European problem." Soap and water are also declared to come under the category of *factors*: "The Revising Barrister appears fully to appreciate the value of soap and water as an important *factor* in the progress of civilization." Crabs, lobsters, oysters are "factors," though not of the highest order, according to the *Standard*, September 26, 1882: "Shellfish in the past, even more than at the present date, occupied an important place in the history of man's dietary, though, indeed, if we are to accept without cavil Brillat-Savarin's famous dictum, '*Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai qui tu es*,' they cannot be accorded a lofty grade among the *factors* of civilization."

Nihilism in Russia is also a *factor*, or it might be said a *malefactor*. "The desperation of the reckless minority organized against the czar is a serious *factor*, which cannot be left out of the account." — *Daily Telegraph*, September 22, 1882. "The false prophet of the Soudan is a *factor* in the situation with which the British government will promptly have to reckon." — *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 24, 1882. A culinary artist who, in a popular penny journal, endeavors to instruct the public on the secrets of gastronomy, informs his readers that "the great *factor* in the dressing of a salad is good Lucca oil and plenty of it;" while another periodical says that "the essential *factor* of a good pancake is an egg." "A profuse expenditure of the coin of the realm, applied in a practical manner, has been a very powerful *factor* amongst not a few potent agencies in bringing ignorant, neutral, and apathetic voters to the poll." — *Globe*, March 12, 1882. A fashionable *society* paper, as journals of that class are absurdly called, declares that "one of the *factors* of her Majesty's health is a residence in the Highlands." A few further specimens of the abuse of the word in literary composition are selected at random: "Russia has once more become a mighty *factor* in Europe." — *Daily Telegraph*, April 26, 1880. "The hostile attitude of Secocoeni is no new *factor* in the general situation in Africa." — *Times*, March 10, 1879. "The prepossession of the police against prisoners is a *factor* in any case for the prosecu-

tion." — *Daily Telegraph*, March 17, 1880. "Which made the old boots an expressive *factor* in the character of the man." — *May Fair*, April 5, 1879. "A good digestion is always quoted as a *factor* in the composition of happiness." — *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 29, 1880. "Whether Mr. Gladstone wishes it or not, he must be its (the new ministry's) vital *factor*." — *Standard*, April 13, 1880. "This country is still an important *factor* in the affairs of Europe." — *World*, March 24, 1880. "Fifty years ago the duel was still a recognized and important *factor* in English politics." — *Globe*, March 15, 1880. "A few years ago M. Rochefort was a serious *factor* in French politics." — *Daily News*, March 24, 1880. "The elector who, without being actually illiterate, is merely stupid, is one of the most perplexing *factors* that the wire-pullers have to reckon with." — *Daily Telegraph*, April 8, 1880.

Had and Would. — The colloquial use of the same contraction *I'd* for *I had* and *I would* has been extended imperceptibly into writing and printing, with results that threaten to supersede *would* altogether and to replace it most improperly by *had*. Some of our ablest writers have fallen into this inelegancy, or allowed their printers to do so — among others Mr. Thackeray, who says in "The Virginians," "I *had* rather have lost an arm," instead of "I *would* rather have lost an arm;" and Mr. Carlyle, who has "a doom for Quashee (the negro) which I *had* rather not contemplate," instead of "*would* rather not." Instances of this unnecessary corruption of the word are to be found so far back as the days of Shakespeare, and a century later in the usually well written and classical pages of "The Tatler" and "The Spectator."

When *had* is followed by the word *better*, as in the phrase "you *had* better," it is an improper substitute for *would*, though "you *had* better do so and so" has the small advantage of being more laconic than the synonymous phrase, "*It would be better* if you did so and so." When *had* is followed by *have*, its use is still more ungrammatical. Thus when the *Times*, March 12, 1879, says, "Sir Wilfrid Lawson *had* better *have* kept to his original proposal," it means that "Sir Wilfrid Lawson *would have* done better to keep, or to have kept, to his original proposal." So also the *Spectator*, March 2, 1879, when it wrote, "The motion *had* better be withdrawn," was guilty of a permissible colloquialism, but was grammatically in-

correct, and should have written, "It *would* be better if the motion were withdrawn." In like manner the *Examiner* fell into the prevalent carelessness, when it wrote, March 2, 1879, "If the University of London, after an existence of forty years, cannot produce a competent man, it *had better* cease to exist."

The style oratorical first prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his critical essays has been, and is, imitated *ad nauseam* by writers of the present day. It is intended to be forcible, but is only forcibly-feeble at the best. When an orator, in the height of his argument or his passion, omits his adjective and stops the flow of his words to supply it, as in the phrase, "It has been *said*, and *excellently well said*," he is perfectly justified in strengthening his meaning by an afterthought, even though it lead to a surplussage of words; but when a writer, who can supply the missing epithet in its proper place by a stroke of the pen in the manuscript, writes as if he were making a speech, the mannerism, if too often repeated, becomes painful to the reader. Thus, when the *Standard*, May 10, 1882, writes, "Though direct proof may as yet be wanting, the vast majority of the English people *will believe, and rightly believe*, that the Phoenix Park victims were butchered with American knives, and their murderers paid with American gold," the two *believe*s are neither necessary nor in good taste; and "the English people will rightly believe" would be better than "*believe, and rightly believe*."

The *Freeman's Journal* on the same subject has, "Ireland would welcome with a sense of profound relief the appointment to the chief secretaryship of any English politician except Mr. Forster, because it would be *assumed, and naturally assumed*, that the appointment of Mr. Forster means a return in a more intense form to the policy of coercion." Why the repetition of *assumed*? and does the repetition add either to the sense or the elegance of the phrase?

The *Pall Mall Gazette* possesses a writer or writers with whom this mannerism appears to be a favorite. Thus, on November 1, 1882, we find in its columns, "The usually apathetic majority of disappointed citizens have *revolted*, and successfully *revolted*." On October 26, 1882, it has, "The constituency will *conclude*, and properly *conclude*." On September 20, 1882, the same journal has two examples of this affectation, "Who do not *prepare*, and carefully *prepare*," and

"Which are all *items*, and important *items*." The *Standard* offends in the same manner, "Everything obliges us to *assume*, and to *assume with much confidence*;" and "We *say* it, and *say* it advisedly." So also the *Morning Advertiser* of November 1, 1882, has, "They *think*, and *rightly think*, the question of procedure one which especially concerns the dignity of the House of Commons." The *Daily Telegraph*, November 6, 1882, in expatiating on the beauties and amenities of Hampstead Heath as a recreation ground for London, says that the neighboring inhabitants "*thought*, and very *properly thought*, that cricket ought not to be forbidden."

Exaggeration, or attempted intensification of language, especially in the use of epithets, is one of the colloquial or literary vices of the age, and is by no means peculiar to the newspapers. If a thing is very good, or exceedingly good, it is not sufficient to say so in simple terms. *Very*, is but a weak word in the requirements of modern times, which insist on the stronger epithets of awfully, or dreadfully, to express a becoming sense of the charms either of beauty, health, wealth, or mirth. Awfully handsome, awfully well, awfully rich, or awfully funny, are common colloquialisms. Then "awfully" is varied *ad libitum* by dreadfully, or even by excruciatingly. A very funny farce would be but a poor thing in the parlance of to-day, and must be described as "*screamingly funny*," if it were expected to be acceptable to the jaded frequenters of any modern theatre. To burst into tears is no longer a permissible phrase in the language of novelists, nothing less than a flood or a deluge of tears will suffice for their exigencies; while to be applauded, signifies nothing unless the recipient of the public favor be applauded "to the skies."

The introduction of new words into the language, or the formation of new words upon the old Greek and Latin bases, is no difficult process. The difficulty lies in procuring their acceptance. It is almost impossible to force them into favor or into general use if prematurely or unnecessarily compounded. In the "New World of Words," 1678, by Edward Phillips, which borrowed its title from a previous work by Florio, "The World of Words," there is inserted by way of appendix a list of two hundred and forty words, which he declared "to be formed of such affected words from the Latin or Greek as are either to be used warily, and upon occa-

sion only, or totally to be rejected as barbarous, or illegally compounded and derived." Of these prohibited or partially prohibited words, only eleven have made good their footing in the language during more than two centuries. These eleven, which in our day could not well be dispensed with, and to which it seems strange that any one could ever have objected, are "autograph, aurist, bibliograph, circumstantiate, evangelize, ferocious, holograph, inimical, misanthropist, misogynist, and syllogize." Possibly, during the next two centuries, a few more of the strange words collected by Phillips may force their way into colloquial or literary favor; but there seems to be little chance of the adoption of the greater part of them, such as *fallaciloquent*, speaking deceitfully or fallaciously; *flocification*, setting at naught; *homodox*, of the same opinion; *lubidinity*, obscenity; *mauricide*, a mouse-killer; *nugipolyquous*, speaking much about trifles; *spurcical*, obscene; *unpinarity*, fox-like cunning; and *alpicide*, a mole-catcher, and others equally egregious. It is to be remarked, that very many of the words which met with his approval, and found a place in his "World of Words," have died out, and are wholly unintelligible to the present generation. Who, for instance, could divine that *Perre-urigh* meant adorned with precious stones or pierreries? or even guess at the signification of *passundation*?

Of late years, especially since the abolition of what were called the taxes on knowledge, viz., the excise duty on paper and the newspaper stamp, and the consequent establishment of the penny press, many new words have been introduced by the rapid and careless, and also by the semi-educated penmen who cater for the daily and weekly press. A number of old English words—current in the United States—have been reintroduced into English with the gloss of apparent novelty, but also with the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity broadly impressed upon them. And not alone in the press, but in society. Men of education, some of them moving in high or the highest circles, have condescended to repeat in their daily or customary conversation the language of costermongers and of grooms and jockeys, and to use it as if it were good English. The basest slang of the streets is but too frequently heard among educated people, who ought to know better than to use it, and has invaded the forum and the senate—if it have not yet penetrated into the pulpit. "Bloke,"

"duffer," and "cad" are words familiar to aristocratic lips. "Who is that awfully fine filly?" says Fitz-Noodle to his companion at an evening party; "she's dreadfully nicely groomed!" As if the fine girl had just been trotted out of the stable, after a careful curry-combing, or rubbing down. Even ladies—but fortunately not gentlewomen—have caught the contagion of vulgarity from their husbands, lovers, or brothers, and defiled their fair lips with what is called fast language, and with words which, if they only knew their meaning and origin, they might blush to pronounce—if blushing were still in fashion.

Though new words, however unobjectionable in their origin, are slow to find favor, they are destined to live hereafter in the language if they express meanings or shades of meanings better or more tersely than the pre-existing terms or combinations. Of five among such useful neologisms that have all but established themselves—namely *folk-lore*, *outcome*, *funster*, *criticaster*, and *disacquainted*, only the first has as yet been admitted to the honors of the dictionary. *Outcome* is in constant use, so constant that it threatens, though without occasion, to supersede entirely its more ancient synonyms, "result" and "issue." *Criticaster* is as legitimate a word as poetaster, and is much needed for the proper designation of the little presumptuous and often ignorant pretenders to literature and art, who sit in judgment upon their betters, and squeak their praise—and more often their dispraise—through the penny trumpets of the time. *Funster*—founded on the same principle as the recognized word punster—is a clear gain to the language, and is much better than "wag," "joker," or "funnyman," with which it is synonymous. To say that we are *disacquainted* with a person, to whom we were formerly more or less known, is a better locution than to say that we have "dropped his acquaintance," and will doubtless make good its footing. It is not exactly a new word, but a revival of one that has been obsolete during two or three centuries.

It is doubtful whether the word *endorse*, borrowed from the language of commerce, and originally signifying to write one's name on the back of a bill of exchange, is a gain to the language, in the sense in which in our day it is too commonly employed. I *endorse* that statement, I *endorse* that opinion, are not better than to say, I agree in that opinion, or I confirm that statement, though perhaps

more consistent with the train of thought among a "nation of shopkeepers."

The English language still waits for many new words—and will receive them as the time rolls on. Among the most urgent of them is a synonym for "wholesale" in the uncommercial sense. To speak of wholesale objections, wholesale robberies, or wholesale murders, is to employ a word that labors under the double disadvantage of inadequacy and vulgarity. The French phrase *en gros* is something, though not much better. It should be stated, however, that the English language is not alone in the abuse of this commercial word as applied to matters entirely non-commercial, and in no way pertaining to the shop. But doubtless if a word were coined for such an epithet as "*wholesale murder*," it would not be generally or even partially accepted. Many new words, or words long since obsolete in England, come back to us from the United States, that retain very many Shakespearian and sixteenth and seventeenth-century expressions that have long disappeared from the literary language of the nineteenth, and are gradually finding their way into currency mainly through the instrumentality of the newspapers. Of words entirely new to English proper, which have recently come into favor, are *skedaddle*, *boss*, *ranche*, *bogus*, *caucus*, and *vamosé*. Among political phrases, derived from the vernacular of wild and uncultivated territory, are *log-rolling*, *wire-pulling*, and *axe-grinding*; and of new combinations of old words, and of more or less justifiable innovations upon the old rules of grammatical construction, are to *collide*, instead of to come into collision; *burgle*, instead of to commit a burglary; and to *telescope*—applied to railway accidents when the force of a collision causes the cars or carriages to run or fit into each other, like the lengthening and consequently shortening slides of a telescope. Of them, *collide* must be accepted as a clear gain; *burgle* will pass muster, among comic writers especially, and will doubtless, though wholly irregular, succeed in establishing itself—at first in jest, and afterwards in earnest; while "to telescope," in the sense in which it has lately become popular, is so useful in avoiding a periphrasis, and so picturesque besides, that it promises to become indispensable.

The American word "*boss*" supplies in some respects a deficiency or corrects an inaccuracy in its nearly synonymous word "*master*." The very free and

haughtily independent American workman recognizes no "*master*" in his employer, but calls him his "*boss*," and thinks that "*master*" is a word only fit to be used by negroes in a state of slavery; which in their new state of freedom even the negroes are beginning to repudiate. A boss signifies not so much a "*master*" in the strict sense of the word, but an overseer, a director, a manager, and the verb to "*boss*" means to superintend, to manage, to control, or be responsible for the labor of the workmen and the proper completion of their work. The word has been partially adopted by the English newspapers, one of which informed its readers through the medium of its ubiquitous and omniscient London correspondent, that it was well known that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the president of the Board of Trade, "was the boss of the Birmingham Caucus." The *St. James's Gazette* of November 11, 1882, in an article on American politics, and the results upon the state of parties of the recent elections of State functionaries, and the pernicious system of exacting an annual contribution from any official, high or low, who owes his place to the organization of either the new Republican or Democratic party, says: "Among the proximate causes of the reaction against the Republican party in America, the scandalous persistence of the leaders in keeping up the system of political assessments on public officers must be reckoned as the chief. The machine theory on the subject is simple enough. The office-holders owe their places to their party; therefore they ought to contribute from their pay to the campaign funds. Control of these funds gives the *bosses* their chief power. . . . The machine methods have failed this time. But that, the *bosses* will say to the reformers, is because you chose to be disgusted with them. You thwarted us, no doubt; but you have still to show that you can lead on the lines of purity, the masses that we controlled by corruption." "*Boss*" in this passage is correctly used as an American word for a purely American practice, though it is to be hoped neither the word nor the thing will ever become naturalized in this country. "*Boss*," or "to boss," was, according to some philologists, originally introduced into the New World by Irish or Scottish immigrants, from the Gaelic *bos*, the hand. But this is erroneous. The word is derived from the Dutch settlers who first colonized New Amsterdam, first called New York by the English when the colony changed

masters by coming into possession of the British government. *Baas* in the Dutch language signifies a master, or the foreman of a workshop. Perhaps even the English-speaking population of the States, if they had known that "boss" was no other than Dutch for master, might in their republican pride have repudiated the word and invented another.

The constant and rapidly increasing intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, the growing influence and enterprise of American newspapers, and the consequent circulation in this country of the most important among them, together with the ample quotations which are made from them in the London and provincial press, tend, imperceptibly perhaps, but very effectually, to Americanize the style as well as the language of newspaper writers in this country, especially of those who do not stand in the foremost rank of scholarship. Fifty, or even forty, years ago what are called "leading articles" were much fewer and better written than they are now. One really good leading article was considered sufficient editorial comment for one day, but at the present time it seems to be a rule with all the principal journals of the metropolis to publish at least four such articles every morning, even though the subjects really worthy of comment do not amount to half the number. The provincial journals too often follow the unnecessary example, and instead of filling their columns with news, which their readers require, fill them with stale opinions and vapid commentaries which nobody cares about. So careless and slipshod, for the most part, is the style of these articles, that cultivated and busy men are often compelled to pass them over unread. A learned man, who filled the position of sub-editor to the *Morning Advertiser*, was, a few years ago, called to account by the committee of management, composed of licensed victuallers, for inserting a paragraph of news one day which had appeared in its columns on the day previous. The sub-editor denied the fact. The indignant committee thereupon produced the paragraph in question — which had been quoted and commented upon in a "leading" article — and asked for an explanation. "I never read the leading articles," replied the peccant sub-editor; "I have too much regard for pure English to run the risk of contamination."

When, about forty years ago, Albany Fonblaque of the *Examiner*, John Black, Charles Buller, and W. J. Fox of the

Morning Chronicle, with other now forgotten masters of style, who were both scholars and politicians, were connected with the daily press of the metropolis, the paucity as well as the purity of their contributions excited general attention and admiration; but in our day the very multiplicity of leading articles deprives them of the notice which they might otherwise receive. Not that the chief lights of our daily literature do anything to deteriorate or vulgarize the language. That unhappy task remains to the third-rate writers, who allow their slight stock of good English to be diluted with the inferior vernacular verbiage that reacts upon us from the United States, where the English of the farm, the workshop, or the counter is considered, with true republican equality, to be quite good enough for the senate, the pulpit, or the press. The evils of this ultra-plebeian style of writing are beginning to be felt in the United States themselves. A recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, speaking of the press in that country, condemns in very forcible terms "its insidious blood-poisoning at the well of English undefiled;" "its malign infatuation for coarseness and slang;" "its corrupt and mongrel vocabulary;" "its vampire persistency;" and "its salacious flavoring of scandal." These are hard words, but it cannot be said that they are wholly unmerited.

But language always deteriorates when the morals of a people become depraved, when the growth of political corruption hardens the heart and dulls the conscience of a nation; when men, and worse still when women, lose the feeling and the habit of reverence, and when the cynical sneer or the senseless ridicule of the high and low vulgar are fashionable. When honest love is designated as "spoons" and spooniness, when disinterested friendship which does not value friendship for its own priceless self, but for what real or supposed advantage it may bring to the person who pretends to feel it, is declared to be folly — the language in which such sentiments are uttered is already in course of putrefaction. And when the lives of the great multitude of men and women, and even of children, are wholly engrossed with the care and struggles necessary to surmount the difficulties and soften the hardships of merely animal existence, and when consequently little time or taste is left them for intellectual enjoyment or mutual improvement, the deterioration of language receives an impetus which gradually hastens the unde-

sirable consummation of rendering the pure speech of our fathers or grandfathers unintelligible to their degenerate descendants.

A noble language leads necessarily to a noble literature, and these in indissoluble union are the grandest inheritances and most justifiable pride of a nation. Rome and Greece as powers in the world have passed away, but their language and literature remain the everlasting monuments of their departed glory. Our noble English language must of necessity receive modifications and accretions as the ages roll onwards. But our present and future writers, without rejecting the new words that are certain sooner or later to enrich or extend the language, should make it their duty and their pride to transmit unimpaired to posterity the splendid heritage which has been entrusted to their guardianship. The task is more difficult now than it was a hundred years ago. At that date the contaminating influences were few and feeble. Now they are many and strong; but none the less, and all the greater, is the duty of all who can help to do so to keep, like Chaucer, the "well of pure English undefiled;" let the defilement come whence it will, whether from the corruption of manners or the force of evil example.

DUDLEY ERRINGTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LITTLE WORLD: A STORY OF JAPAN.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

VI.

"ON establishing myself as a lawyer at Limerick, in 1854, I found a regiment of infantry stationed there, and I soon became acquainted with most of the officers. They were a set of light-hearted, jolly fellows, mostly Irishmen,—heavy drinkers, passionate gamblers, and known as the best steeplechase-riders in the country. There was not one of them who would not go across country as the crow flies. But the boldest among them was Lieutenant Edwin Hellington. He was the younger son of an old and wealthy family, had a good allowance, and kept several horses. Somehow or other he always managed to get hold of the best animals to be had for money. His judgment was wonderfully correct in matters of horse-flesh, and the shrewdest dealer could not get the better of him. He was present at

every 'gentleman's race;' and during the first year I was in Limerick he must have won a large sum of money.

"To be known as a good horseman was a title of honor in the regiment. The officers were not envious of their comrade's good luck, and did not object to his winning any amount of money at the risk of breaking his neck. However, Hellington was not much liked. He led a retired life, was seldom seen at social gatherings, never attended a ball or a picnic, and when free from duty, was mostly devoted to riding his horses over lonely country roads in the neighborhood of the city.

"I had no difficulty in getting introduced to every officer in the regiment, from the colonel down to the youngest ensign; yet I never saw Hellington, except at a distance. One of his comrades, Charles O'Brien, who, after Hellington, was considered the best steeplechase-rider in the regiment, and with whom I had grown particularly intimate, said to me one day, on my expressing a wish to become acquainted with his rival,—

"Well, I will introduce you, if you like; but I tell you beforehand that you will make the acquaintance of a very unpleasant fellow."

"I looked at Hellington that day for the first time more closely. He had a cold, cruel face, red hair, a remarkably high forehead, and small, piercing eyes, which never looked straight at you, but seemed to wander restlessly from one object to another. For one moment our eyes met, and he must have noticed that I was scrutinizing him, for he gazed at me in such a wicked manner that I at once lost all further desire to become better acquainted with him.

"A few days later the garrison races took place. The event of the day was a steeplechase, for which the best horses in the county and the best riders in the regiment had been entered. On this occasion Hellington rode a 'dark' horse, which passed the stand with splendid action; and on being started, he took the lead at a furious pace.

"Too fast to last," said some of the spectators. 'He knows what he is about,' replied others.

"Indeed his horse seemed to possess great power, and led the field by a distance of ten lengths, as far as one could see. Presently all the riders disappeared behind a little copse. A moment later, on again coming into sight, several of the horses were close to each other.

"White-and-blue wins!" was the

shout from the stand. 'O'Brien leads! Where is Hellington?'

"Come to grief!" some one called out; but everybody's attention was now concentrated on the little group which was fast approaching the winning-post.

"Blue - and - white wins! bravo, O'Brien!"

"Whilst most of the spectators rushed to the stand to see the winner weighed, the few who remained behind beheld Hellington coming up from the wood at an easy canter. His horse had evidently been cruelly used, but he sat safe and sound in the saddle. Not a spot was to be seen on his light dress; he could not have been thrown. On passing the post he left the track, and gave his animal in charge to his groom, who also looked a thorough jail-bird.

"What has happened, sir?"

"Some infernal sell," growled Hellington. He was pale and his eyes gleamed.

"To the scales," he said.

"There were not many people round the scales, for it had been already settled that O'Brien's horse was the winner; but the members of the committee who had to weigh the riders were still at their posts.

"Hellington, with saddle and bridle over his arm, and riding-whip in hand, stepped on to the scales without saying a word.

"Right weight?" he asked, turning to the committee; and receiving their assent, he continued, 'I protest against the race!'

"A few moments later the members of the committee, presided over by Colonel Wicklow, the commander of the regiment, were assembled in judgment over the complaint. Outsiders were astonished that there was so much delay in announcing the winner's number.

"Meanwhile Hellington complained before the judges that the original steeplechase-track had been altered. He had heard nothing of the change, and it was due to this circumstance that he had lost the race.

"Colonel Wicklow thereupon told Lieutenant Hellington that the manner in which he had brought his complaint forward was not very becoming, as he seemed to doubt the good faith of the committee. It was Hellington's own fault, he said, if he did not inform himself sufficiently of the route of the course. But Hellington shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and replied in an insolent manner that, if he were to be reminded that he was standing before his military

superior, he had nothing more to say: he had, however, been under the impression that in a race everybody should have even chances; and this had not been the case, for O'Brien had known of the change in the track, and not he.

"Lieutenant Hellington, you will force me to impose silence if you continue in this manner."

"Your obedient servant, colonel," replied Hellington, as, saluting, he turned and left the room.

"Hellington was a reserved man, but now every one could see the state of ferment he was in. He evidently intended to take part in another race; for, having put an overcoat over his jockey-suit, he was standing in front of the stable talking in a loud voice to his groom, who was engaged in rubbing down the horse.

"A few officers near him moved away, as not wishing to see one of their comrades forget himself so far as to pour out his grievances to a groom. Hellington was mad with rage, and seemed scarcely to know what he was saying.

"About half an hour afterwards the bell rang for the second steeplechase. O'Brien and Hellington mounted together.

"I shall not lose sight of you this time, O'Brien," said the other with a savage sneer.

"But O'Brien, who had been requested by his friends to take no notice of anything Hellington might say, pretended not to hear him, and trotted quietly away to the starting-point.

"During the first part of the race the entries kept well together. Presently O'Brien led by about half a length.

"Hellington wants O'Brien to take the lead," somebody said; 'just look how he is holding back!'

"The two now approached a stone wall, which they took almost simultaneously. Then came some rails, with a broad ditch on the other side. O'Brien went for it at a sharp pace. On his left, close to his saddle, was the head of Hellington's mare.

"It was impossible from the stand to judge of the exact position of the riders; but about twenty yards before the rails, one could see O'Brien turn slightly to the right: immediately afterwards his horse rose for the jump, but at the same instant it made a sharp movement to the right, touched with its left fore-foot the top rail, and came down on the other side of the ditch. Hellington cleared the fence and the ditch in good style, hold-

ing his whip high over his head; O'Brien was thrown out of his saddle, and lay sprawling with outstretched arms a few paces from his horse. In a moment, however, he was on his legs again; managed with some difficulty to get his horse out of the ditch, vaulted into his saddle, and, amid the applause of the spectators, rode pluckily on. But the others had considerably distanced him. Captain Glenarm was leading, and won easily. Hellington's horse had become restive, and was fourth. O'Brien came in last of all. Riding at once up to the judge, he complained that Hellington had fouled him, and called all the gentlemen who were behind him to witness.

"The two rivals were asked to step into the committee-room. O'Brien repeated his statement; while Hellington did not deny that he had fouled O'Brien, but said he could not help it. His horse, he said, had turned sharp to the right against his wish. It was a capricious, vicious animal, as every one who knew it could testify.

"The witnesses, however, convinced the committee that Hellington had intentionally fouled his neighbor. Captain Glenarm's evidence was crushing. He declared that Hellington had the race in his hands all the time, and he could not imagine why he had come in fourth.

"Hellington might have taken the lead at any moment," he added, "but it looked as if he were glued to O'Brien's horse. On arriving at the fence O'Brien turned sharply to the right, as I supposed, to get room. At that moment Hellington was perfect master of his horse, which was going quietly. I cannot for a moment imagine that he could not clear the gate about three yards to the left of O'Brien, who at that moment was on the extreme right. Hellington had the left side all to himself, as I, who was third, was several lengths behind him. I will not positively say that Lieutenant Hellington fouled O'Brien intentionally; but if he did not do so, he rode carelessly and badly, and without any judgment."

"Hellington ride badly! Nobody could believe that. The race was given to Captain Glenarm. The committee refrained from expressing any opinion regarding Hellington's conduct, but the public and the whole regiment were indignant at his behavior.

"On the evening of the same day Major Doneghue went to Lieutenant Hellington's rooms to advise him in a friendly way to resign his membership of the Limerick Jockey Club.

"Hellington understood very well that this advice was more like a request, and without more ado penned the necessary letter.

Now Doneghue was a thoroughbred Irishman, a kind, light-hearted fellow, full of enthusiasm for the noble sport, and not too scrupulous in the ethics of the turf. He wanted to say something to the unhappy young man who, with tightly closed lips, stood before him. He held out his hand.

"I am awfully sorry, Hellington," he said, "that this has happened to you."

"Hellington seemed not to notice the major's proffered hand, and only set his teeth more tightly as he hissed out,—

"I tell you, Major Doneghue, others will be sorry too!"

"For the present, however, Hellington appeared to be the only one who had reason to regret that in his blind rage he had acted in a manner unworthy of a gentleman; for on the following day the officers of the garrison held a private meeting, at which they decided that one who, for unbecoming conduct, had been requested to leave the Jockey Club, should no longer have the honor of serving in one of her Majesty's regiments, and that, to avoid public scandal, Hellington should be requested to send in his commission. They could not at first quite agree as to the manner in which this verdict should be communicated to Hellington. But finally, one of his comrades undertook to break it to him in the shape of a friendly suggestion.

"Hellington received the news with perfect self-possession.

"I knew it would be so," he said; "I was in the way of several of you. Now the track is clear for the second-best man. Here, take this letter with you, and don't forget to mention that it was lying sealed in my desk before you came."

"On the same day Hellington prepared to leave Limerick, and on this occasion he had a conversation with his groom.

"I am going to leave to-morrow morning," he said. "If you want to get a good bargain, I'll sell you my chestnut mare. I'd rather let you make a few pounds by it than a dealer. I have always been satisfied with you."

"Sir," replied the groom, "take me with you. I have nothing in the world to keep me here. I'll follow you wherever you go."

"I really don't want you any longer," replied Hellington; "but you will soon find another master."

"Not one who knows about horses as you do, sir."

"It cannot be; but perhaps we may meet again. Do you want the mare?"

"I could not pay for her, sir. She is worth two hundred to-day."

"And fifty more, my good fellow; but we won't talk about that. I paid ninety pounds for her, and you shall have her at that price, if you like."

"He hesitated a moment and then added, as if moved by a sudden resolution, 'I'll make you a present of her—take her.'"

"Early next morning Hellington left Limerick. Leaving his luggage at his old lodgings, he told his landlady that he would send for it in a few days. Then he went without saying good-bye to a living soul."

"The next morning there was a good deal of talk about him at the military club; and then he was soon forgotten. He was a man 'overboard.' So long as he was in sight, others of the crew looked at him; but once down, nobody appeared to care for him any more. His former comrades seemed to think that he had gone to Dublin, but nobody really knew what had become of him."

"A few weeks later, one dark night, O'Brien's servant Inish was awakened by a strange noise in the room next his own, where his master slept. Only half-awake, he rose in bed, and heard some one stealthily descending the stairs. Immediately afterwards the street-door was closed, and hasty footsteps were heard in the street. Then all was quiet again. The half-unconscious servant could only slowly account for what was taking place. It was dark in his room. He tried to find a match—but suddenly stopped, breathless and without motion. A horrible groaning from the adjacent room caught his ear. He rushed into his master's apartment. All was dark, but from the bed there came that painful, terrifying moan."

"Master!"

"No reply."

"Lieutenant O'Brien! Sir, speak to me!"

"Only the same groaning."

"Rushing out of the room the man dressed quickly and flew to Captain Glenarm, who lived in the same quarters."

"For God's sake, captain, come upstairs! They have murdered my master!"

"Who? Who?"

"The servant knew not what to say."

He was trying to get a light. Glenarm lit a candle and followed the man into O'Brien's room. Everything was in its usual place; but on the bed, his face covered with blood and his eyes staring in the agony of death, lay poor young O'Brien, with his skull broken by some heavy weapon. Glenarm seized the still warm hand of the dying man. Then to Inish, who stood wringing his hands behind him,—

"Run for Dr. Morrison as quick as you can, my boy; and tell the first policeman you meet to come here, for a murder has been committed. But above all, get a doctor, Inish!"

"Meanwhile Glenarm's servant had also been awakened, and ran at his master's request to Colonel Wicklow to report what had taken place."

"About half an hour afterwards, the doctor, several officers, and three policemen stood in the room of the dying man. The doctor stated that the skull had been broken by some blunt instrument, probably a life-preserver."

"He will never regain consciousness," continued the doctor. "He may linger a couple of hours, but his young life is hopelessly gone."

"One of the constables had questioned Inish and learned the few details he could give. The two others then left the room, to find, if possible, some fresh trace of the murderer."

"If I were asked my opinion," said Colonel Wicklow gloomily, "I would say that is Hellington's work, and nobody else's. O'Brien was the favorite officer of my regiment. Nothing has been touched in this room. No robbery has been committed. It is a deed of fiendish revenge."

"What is that, colonel? Have the kindness to repeat it?"

"These words were spoken by a tall man, with a bright, intelligent face, who had meanwhile, without being noticed, entered the room."

"My name is Hudson," he replied to the inquiring look of the colonel; "I am chief of the detective force."

"Before day dawned the telegraph had carried an account of the murder and an accurate description of Hellington to every part of the kingdom. In Limerick, of course, nothing else was talked of. Nobody doubted that the police would soon get hold of the assassin; and the telegraph office was surrounded day and night by a curious crowd, who hoped to learn every moment that the murderer had been caught. But the wires were

silent. The proof of Hellington's guilt was beyond question. It was discovered that after leaving Limerick he had lived for a few days in Dublin, under his own name. He had left Dublin on the evening before the murder, and had not returned. Some railway officials had noticed a passenger on the line from the capital to Limerick whose description tallied exactly with Hellington's appearance. Now the fact that after O'Brien's murder, Hellington had completely disappeared, and returned no answer to the invitation of the authorities to surrender himself for examination, confirmed in every mind the suspicion of his having committed the bloody deed. The excitement even extended to England. The *Times* had a leading article about it; the newspapers were full of "the Limerick Murder;" and the *Illustrated London News* published Hellington's portrait after a photograph which had been found in his lodgings. But in vain. All over Europe, all over the world, the fugitive was hunted, but not found. Once, indeed, they thought they were upon his track. In a little fishing village on the west coast, about fifty miles north-west of Limerick, a boat with two oars had disappeared on the night after the murder. A few weeks later, too, a fisherman who lived in a half-savage state on one of the smallest of the Aran Islands, said that some time ago—he could not remember the day—a stranger had entered his hut one morning and bought of him what little provisions he had in store, and also an old mast with an old sail. He paid well for all this in English money, and then sailed away in the little boat which had brought him thither. On the following day several westward-bound ships passed the island, and it was thought quite possible that the man in the boat might have been taken aboard one of them. The fisherman, however, could not give any accurate description of the stranger.

"Was he young?"

"Yes."

"Tall or short?"

"Neither."

"Dark or fair?"

"I can't tell. The man looked wild and desperate. He frightened me, and I was glad when he went away."

"Lloyd's and the other maritime registers were carefully searched by experts, and it was easily ascertained what vessels were likely to have passed the Aran Islands on the day after the murder. Telegrams, too, were sent to their various

ports of destination, but without success. Hellington was lost,—and he has not been heard of since.

"Five years have gone by since then. Poor O'Brien has been buried and forgotten, and nobody has ever heard anything more about Hellington."

Ashbourne was silent. A long pause followed his narrative.

"He may be drowned," said M'Bean at last.

"That is very possible," said Daniel Ashbourne.

"If he is still alive, he will be found," said Thomas Ashbourne. "There is no room in this world for anybody who has lost his rightful place."

It had grown late. Nobody seemed inclined to continue the discussion with the indefatigable editor of the *Sun*, and the company dispersed in silence, much more serious than usual.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE REVOLT OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

(A LEAF FROM OUR STATE PAPERS.)

IN spite of all opposition and entreaties Mary, shortly after her accession to the throne, had resolved upon a marriage with her cousin Philip of Spain. It was in vain that the most trusted of her advisers implored her not to unite herself with the hated foreigner, but to share her crown with some English subject whose name and rank would appeal to and command the sympathies of her people. In vain France, through the delicate remonstrances of her polished envoy, De Noailles, hinted that such a match would inevitably tend to disturb the *entente cordiale* which then so happily existed between the courts of London and Paris. In vain the English nation, always moody and intolerant where its insular prejudices were concerned, loudly decried the alliance, and declared in sullen tones, boding future danger, that no Spaniard should meddle with their rule. Counsel and remonstrance were all futile to turn the stubborn, middle-aged woman from her purpose, and the advisers of the crown, seeing that they were powerless to make her change her resolve, reluctantly gave their consent to the match. Mary had now arrived at a time of life when it was not probable that many offers of marriage from eligible suitors would fall to her lot. Thin, worn, with the yellow complexion of her mother, and painfully conscious of

the lack of attractions her sickly face and lean, angular figure displayed, she, like most women *sur le retour*, tenaciously clung to the lover whom State policy compelled to kneel at her feet, and who, she felt sure, would be the last of his fascinating tribe that the matrimonial market could command for her acceptance. The question had been narrowed to this issue: it was to be Philip or it was to be nobody. And so with the eager longings of an acrid and hysterical woman whose affections for years had been checked and pent up, she yielded all the treasures of her heart to the man whom political considerations had selected, and vowed that she would have none other. Then, like many women who late in life are about to link their fate with a husband younger than themselves, she idealized the man, and painted him in the glowing colors her fond imagination depicted. To those who knew him, Philip was a prince of a cold and calculating disposition, utterly wanting in principle, miserably mean where all expenditure was concerned, and, even in a lax age and among a loose people, was looked upon as notoriously immoral. To Mary he was, however, all that a loving woman could desire — a man of blameless life, a devoted son of the Church, endowed with talents which made his judgment conspicuous whenever it was exercised, brave, handsome, noble, generous. To Renard, the Spanish ambassador, who knew the full value of an alliance between England and Spain, and who had essayed all his arts to promote the match, she said, placing in his hand a small vellum parcel, "I have signed this parchment, by which I affiancé myself in marriage to Philip, prince of Spain, son of his Imperial Majesty, Charles V. And I further give you, as representative of the prince, my irrevocable promise that I will marry him and none else."

If the course of true love seldom runs smooth, that of marriages of convenience rarely encounters much opposition from the immediate contracting parties. Philip, who was only anxious to avail himself of the revenues of England, would have married Mary had she been twice her age, and twice as plain. Once the ring placed upon her long, bony finger — how different from the beautiful hand of her sister Elizabeth! — and himself controller of the receipts of the Exchequer, it would be a matter of no great difficulty to invent some excuse which by placing the Pyrenees between him and the charms of his sour-visaged bride, would allow him to

exchange the gloom and opposition of the London he hated for the gaiety of his beloved Madrid. Therefore when the marriage settlements were being drawn up he gave his assent to all the conditions demanded of him, and empowered Renard to comply with such requests as the advisers of Mary suggested. The clauses to which the bride and bridegroom put their hands and seals were just and reasonable. The abstract of the agreement was as follows: * —

First. He to be intitled King during the matrimony, but she to have the disposition of all benefices, etc.

Second. She to be intitled to his dominions during the marriage.

Third. Her dowry, if she survives him, to be three score thousand pounds, after the value of forty groats, Flemish money.

Fourth. The issue of her body, male or female, shall succeed in her kingdoms according to the laws of the same.

Fifth. The Prince to leave to his eldest son, the Lord Charles [Don Carlos], and his heirs all his right; his land notwithstanding to be liable to the Queen's dowry. And for want of issue in the Lord Charles, then the eldest son of this matrimony should succeed also in all his grandfather's titles.

Sixth. If the Lord Charles should have issue, yet the Low Countries and Burgundy are reserved for the heir of this marriage, and to the other children convenient portions to be allotted out of this kingdom.

When the necessary preliminaries had been agreed upon the treaty was despatched to Brussels for ratification, and the conclusion of the proceedings was celebrated by high mass in the exquisite Norman chapel in the Tower. When the Host had been returned to its sacred repository Mary stood up, then walked to the altar and, kneeling down, declared before all assembled: —

I take God to witness that I have not consented to wed the Prince of Spain from any desire of aggrandisement, or carnal affection; but solely for the honor and profit of my kingdom, and the repose and tranquillity of my subjects. Nor shall my marriage prevent me from keeping inviolably the oath I have made to the crown on the day of my coronation.

No sooner had the outside public ascertained that the marriage between Philip and Mary had been definitively settled than loud and ominous were the murmurs of the people. In every county and at every market-town the subject was angrily discussed, and it was evident from the comments on these occasions which fell

* Abstract of the Treaty of Marriage. State Papers. Foreign. Mary. Jan.-Mar. 1554. No. 123.

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from the lips of both speakers and bystanders, that there only wanted opportunity and organization for the agitation to break out in open rebellion. These soon presented themselves. The leaders of the disaffected formed themselves into a confederacy, the object of which was to create a revolt throughout the country, depose the unpopular Mary, and place in her stead the popular Princess Elizabeth. The Earl of Courtenay, who was to wed Elizabeth, was to travel west, where his name and influence were all-potent, and rally the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire to the cause of Protestantism, and England for the English. The Duke of Suffolk, with his three brothers, Lord Thomas, Lord John, and Lord Leonard Grey, were to sow sedition in the midland counties. Sir James Crofts, who had been deputy of Ireland, and was accustomed to the ways of agitation, was to stimulate revolt in the district of the Severn. Lastly, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of the poet, a bold soldier, who had seen much service in the recent wars with France, but whose courage and ability were severely handicapped by his rash and headstrong disposition, was to raise Kent. These arrangements completed, the forces assembled at Exeter, Bristol, Warwick, and Maidstone were to march upon London, then as disaffected as the other parts of the country; the citizens and soldiery would declare for the good cause, the Tower would fall an easy prey to the invaders, and Mary would either fly the realm, or of her own will transfer the crown to the head of her sister. "It would be," said Wyatt, "a bloodless revolt."

Such was the plan on paper. When it began to be put into execution obstacles occurred which, as is always the case, had not been anticipated. Courtenay was a craven, and at the last moment declined to go west to raise the standard of rebellion. Deprived of his inspiring presence, Devonshire and Cornwall, though sullen and seditious, yet refused to move or to take any active steps without orders from their acknowledged leader. The Duke of Suffolk had ridden down into Warwickshire, and had met with a reception which, if not enthusiastic, was at least encouraging; but the midland farmers and their hinds were prudent men; they would take part in a general insurrection when it once openly declared itself, but they would not be the first to revolt and lead the van of rebellion. Sir James Crofts, busy in Wales, met with the same difficulty. The

only man who had boldly shown his hand, who had permitted no timorous resistance, who had suffered no delay, and who was resolved if the country was only waiting for a leader to come himself to the front, was the impetuous Wyatt. Dealing with an excitable and impulsive people he had unfurled his standard at Maidstone, and the inflammable Kentish men had come up from their farms in hundreds, crying, "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" "Down with the Spaniard!" "No foreigner!" and "Long life to the Princess Elizabeth!" Quitting Maidstone with some two thousand men, Wyatt marched to Rochester, where, through his ranks being swelled by deserters from the royal cause, the castle easily fell into his hands, and he at once made himself master of the Medway.

Meanwhile Mary had not been idle. Lack of courage had never been attributed to those in whose veins ran the hot, arrogant Tudor blood, and the queen, whatever her faults, did not belie the bold race from which she sprang. Foiled in her attempt to obtain regular troops by her suspicious advisers, who did not know to what end she might apply the services of a trained soldiery, she appealed to the city of London, which answered her prayer by sending five hundred men, under the command of one Captain Bret, to her assistance. These levies were at once marched to Rochester by the Duke of Norfolk, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of his sovereign, and who had been appointed generalissimo of the forces to resist the rebels. On arriving at Gravesend the duke resolved not to delay his attack, but forthwith to lay siege to Rochester Castle, and deal out to its traitorous defenders the punishment they so richly deserved. Limbering up his artillery, he gave orders for the city bands to advance upon the bridge. No sooner had the word of command issued from his lips than Captain Bret drew his sword, and placing himself in front of the London volunteers, cried out, "Masters, we go about to fight against our native countrymen of England and our friends in a quarrel unrightful and partly wicked, for they, considering the great and manifold mysteries which are like to fall upon us if we shall be under the rule of the proud Spaniards or strangers, are here assembled to make resistance of the coming in of him or his favorers; and for that they know right well that if we should be under their subjection they would, as slaves and villains, spoil us of our goods and lands, ravish

our wives before our faces, and deflower our daughters in our presence, have now for the avoiding of so great mischiefs and inconveniences likely to light not only upon themselves but on every one of us and the whole realm, taken upon them now, in time before his coming, this their enterprise, against which I think no English heart ought to say, much less by fighting to withstand them. Wherefore I and these [his troops] will spend our blood in the quarrel of this worthy captain Master Wyatt and other gentlemen here assembled."*

At the conclusion of this speech loud were the cries of "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" and the Londoners waved their caps in the air as a signal to the rebels in the castle. Hereupon Wyatt, accompanied by several of his partisans, rode out on the bridge and cried aloud, "So many as will come and tarry with us shall be welcome." In reply to this invitation, "all the Londoners, part of the guard, and more than three parts of the retinue, went into the camp of the Kentish men." Norfolk had no alternative but to hurry back to London with the news of the desertion of his men. "At this discomfiture," we are told,† "the duke lost eight pieces of brass, with all other munition and ordnance, and himself, with the Earl of Ormond and others, fled to London. You should have seen some of the guard come home, their coats turned, all ruined, without arrows or string in their bows, or swords, in very strange wise, which discomfiture, like as it was a heartsore and very displeasing to the queen and Council, even so it was almost no less joyous to the Londoners and most part of all others."

This unexpected addition to his ranks encouraged Wyatt to further efforts. Cowling Castle, the seat of Lord Cobham, who was hesitating between the royal cause and rebellion, was stormed and taken, and its owner carried off prisoner. This feat accomplished, the rebels marched to Gravesend; there they halted the night, and on the following day reached Dartford.

The situation of Mary was now fraught with no little danger. She saw that she was practically deserted, and had to maintain her cause alone. Her advisers, who had strenuously opposed her marriage, now coldly told her that the evils they had predicted had come to pass. They

could do nothing to help her, for when a sovereign set the wishes of a nation at defiance, of what avail, they asked, was the help of a few individuals? It was useless again to appeal to the city, for it was evident that the Londoners sympathized with the revolt; she had no money, she had no troops. She had, they suggested, only two courses open before her. She could abandon all idea of the Spanish marriage, and thus reconcile herself with her subjects, or she could carry out her resolve to marry Philip of Spain, and have to look to Flemings and a Spanish soldiery to support her determination. If Wyatt marched upon London and the city declared in his favor, she would have to beat a hasty retreat and her life even would be in jeopardy. In reply, Mary, with all the tenacity of an enamored elderly spinster, vowed that nothing would induce her to throw over the man of her choice. She would be dethroned first; ay, she would rather prefer death than such an ignoble repudiation. Still she thought a third course presented itself, and she hastened to avail herself of it. She was ignorant of what might be in store for her in the future, but in her present hour of difficulty she wanted time above all things. She wanted time to plan, to organize, to scheme for succor, and at all hazards she wanted time to hinder Wyatt from marching upon London. She summoned Sir Edward Hastings, the master of the horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis to her presence, and bade them hasten with all speed to Dartford to hold an interview with Wyatt. She wished to know, she said, of what grievances he complained, and if it were in her power she would have them redressed. To prevent mistakes she drew up, in her own hand, full instructions as to the course to be adopted in dealing with Wyatt. They ran thus:—

First, they shall repair to the place where Wyatt with others be assembled. At their coming they shall say to the said Wyatt aloud, to him and such other gentlemen as be with him, in such wise as follows:—

First, that we do not a little marvel that they, being born our subjects, and bound to the laws of this our realm, have, contrary to the same, enterprised to raise our people and levy war without our commission. We do understand that they pretend to be and continue our true subjects, and that they have assembled our people for the empeachment of the marriage concluded between us and our dear cousin the Prince of Spain, alleging the same to tend to the prejudice of the commonwealth of this our realm.

* The Chronicle of Queen Jane, edited by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Camden Society.

† The Chronicle of Queen Jane.

If this be the cause and none other, our counsellors shall reply that, albeit it were their and every good subject's part, rather by humble petition to make suit unto us for the obtaining of any their reasonable desires than by force of arms to stir our people against us, yet, forasmuch as we have hitherto always preferred the benefit of our commonwealth before any our own cause, and being first married to our realm do not mean by our second marriage anyways to hinder or prejudice the state of our said realm, or the commonwealth of our subjects of the same, we will be content to appoint such personages as shall be fit for the purpose to commune with them upon their device and meaning. And if, thereupon, it shall by any probable reason appear unto us that the said marriage, which we take to be both honorable and beneficial to us and our said realm, be either not fit to go forwards or else to be otherwise provided for than is already ordered, we will not refuse to give ear unto any such reasonable motion in this part as may be to the benefit and surety of our said realm and loving subjects.

Finally, because the said Wyatt or others with him may perchance pretend other reasons or arguments for the maintenance of this unnatural stir and commotion than may be well remembered by us, our pleasure is that our said counsellors, both in their answer to them and in their persuasion, use their accustomed wisdom and discretion, travelling by the best ways they may to dissuade and stay their further proceedings in this sort.*

Wyatt was, however, too wary a soldier to be easily entrapped. He received the envoys of his sovereign with all courtesy, and patiently listened to the remarks they had to offer. Then he replied. He denied that he had acted the part of a traitor. He had gathered his men together in order to prevent the kingdom from being overrun with strangers, which would inevitably happen if the Spanish match were to take place. Most gladly would he confer with the Council on the matter, but he would be trusted rather than trust. "I will treat with whomsoever her Majesty desires," he said, "but in surety of good faith I must have delivered to me the custody of the Tower of London, and the person of the queen; also three members of the Council must place themselves in my hands, as hostages."

The Spanish ambassador informs us how these demands were received.

The reply of Wyatt [writes Renard † to the Emperor Charles V., anxiously watching the

course of events from his palace at Brussels] was that he desired to be entrusted with the command of the Tower of London, and at the same time with the person of the Queen, in order to furnish her with better counsel than that which was supplied her by her present advisers. Three members of the Council were also to be placed in his hands as hostages, and as a pledge that the Protestant religion would be restored. These conditions were discussed by the Council, and the Queen was advised to appeal to the people. Last Thursday, at two o'clock of the afternoon, her Majesty, escorted by the members of her Council, her guards, and several gentlemen, among whom was Courtenay, came to the spot where the people were assembled [it was at the Guildhall]. There she declared to her subjects that the ends she had always put before her ever since her accession to the throne, had been to administer justice and to keep the country in unity, peace, and liberty. But the rebel Wyatt, under pretext that she has married his Highness of Spain, had taken up arms against her and created disaffection throughout the country. His reply, however, had clearly showed that he aimed at obtaining the crown and tyrannizing over the people. As to her marriage [continued Renard, indulging in one of the most unblushing of diplomatic lies] it had been entered into by the advice of her Council for the good and safety of the realm, and not to gratify any particular affection on her part. The rebel Wyatt was now nearing London, and she wished to know if her people would act as good subjects and maintain her cause and defend her against such a rebel. She was prepared to live and die amongst them, and to preserve their rights with all her force. The rebellion did not merely affect her but themselves—their fortunes, honor, and the safe keeping of their wives and children. Let them act as good subjects and she would act as a good Queen. Thus she spoke, and her words were so winning that all the people cried out with a loud voice that they would die in her service, and throwing up their caps in the air in token of their loyalty, groaned at Wyatt as a traitor.

Mary had certainly proved herself a match for her foe. She had thrown herself upon the sympathies of her people, and the innate loyalty of the English had at once responded to her appeal. She was helpless and unprotected, her enemy was marching upon her capital, surely, she said, her subjects would not now desert her! She was their lawful queen, and would they allow a rebel to subdue the laws to his will and suffer rascals and forlorn persons to make general havoc and spoil? As to her contemplated marriage, she would summon a Parliament and the matter would be considered in all its bearings. She trusted, she cried, amid the cheers of the crowd, her people, and she

* State Papers. Domestic. Mary. Jan. 1554.

† A memorial given to our trusty and well-beloved counsellors Sir Edward Hastings, Knight, Master of our Horse, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Knight.

† Transcripts. At the Record Office. Brussels, Feb. 5, 1554. "Renard to the Emperor."

was sure her confidence would not be misplaced.

Her hopes were realized. Men were freely enlisted to protect the crown; there was no lack of money; and the city again came forward with volunteers and supplies. At the same time Mary took every precaution to avoid hurting the feelings of her subjects. She avoided the society of Renard, and she advised several of the Spaniards who were attached to the embassy to quit the kingdom. Towards the beginning of the last year certain ambassadors — Egmont, De Lalaing, De Courières, De Montmorency, and Philip Nigri — had been despatched by Charles V. as special envoys to treat of the approaching marriage. These high personages Mary now recommended to return to Flanders; their numbers, she wisely remarked, were too small to be of service in the hour of danger, yet large enough to irritate her subjects by their presence; she would only be content when they had exchanged the Thames for the Scheldt. Meanwhile she stationed before the doors of the Imperial envoys a guard of thirty men. Nor were these distinguished diplomatists loth to take their departure. They feared that if Wyatt were victorious, London, which was full of "*une infinité de bannis, hérétiques, homicides, et autres malfaiteurs de toutes nations y réfugiés*," would rise against the inhabitants and a general massacre ensue.* Finding some Flemish shipping at anchor below London Bridge, they went on board and were soon safely at rest in the port of Antwerp.

In spite, however, of the revived loyalty of the English people, the situation to Mary was still full of danger. Wyatt had quitted Dartford with two thousand men and was marching straight upon London. Before he halted his troops upon the broken ground which intervenes between Woolwich and Blackheath, his ranks had been swelled by a large following drawn from the yeomen of Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex, who were anxious to come to close quarters with the hated Spaniard, and whose cries of "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" and "Out with the foreigner!" were taken up by the sailors at Greenwich and echoed by the shipping up the river till they burst forth in ominous cheers and groans below London Bridge. Wyatt was now but six miles from Westminster, and it was feared that his nearer approach to the capital would be the signal for a general rising of the disaffected London

citizens. The queen was in the Tower, anxious, but calm and collected. Several members of the Council entered her apartment, and implored her before it was too late to take boat and fly. She sent for Renard and asked for his advice. He bade her, unless she wished to lose her crown, not to stir from London. Her departure would lead at once to a revolt in her capital, the Tower would be attacked and captured, the vile heretics would fall upon the priests, and Elizabeth would to a certainty be proclaimed queen. "Things," he said, "must come to a worse pass before she resolved upon abandoning her position."† Pembroke and Clinton, who commanded the royal troops, were of the same opinion, and assured their sovereign that in the forthcoming struggle God would give her the victory. Their advice was accepted, and every precaution adopted to oppose the advance of the rebels. Pembroke and Clinton drew up their cavalry and infantry on the fields in front of St. James's, infantry were massed together at Finsbury, the guns of the Tower were loaded and were prepared to open upon Southwark. Wyatt was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward offered for his capture dead or alive. A free pardon was also granted to all who would desert his cause.

These measures failed to deter the Kentish leader from his purpose. As he came up on the Surrey side intending to march his men over London Bridge, the guns from the White Tower opened fire upon him, but without effect. London Bridge was, however, impassable. At the approach of Wyatt orders had been issued by the mayor and sheriffs for the drawbridge which was in the middle of the bridge to be cut down, the bridge gates to be closed, and every man to shut in his shop (which in those days lined London Bridge on either side), to put on his harness, and to stand at his door ready to resist any attack that might be made.

Then [writes the chronicler]† should ye have seen taking in wares of the stalls in most hasty manner; there was running up and down in every place for weapons and harness; aged men were astonished, many women wept for fear; children and maids ran into their houses shutting the doors for fear; much noise and tumult was everywhere; so terrible and fearful at the first was Wyatt and his army's coming to the most part of the citizens, who were seldom or never wont before to hear or have any such invasions to their city.

* Ibid. Renard to the Emperor, Feb. 8, 1554.

† The Chronicle of Queen Jane.

* Transcripts, Feb. 5, 1554.

Finding London Bridge an obstacle not to be surmounted, Wyatt marched his men up Kent Street, and so by St. George's Church, entered Southwark without encountering any resistance. Here he was joined by several of the volunteers of Lord William Howard, who deserting the royal cause went over to the side of the Kentish men. After three days spent in considering how to effect his entrance into London, Wyatt resolved to march towards Kingston Bridge, there cross the river, then retrace his steps and make his attack upon the capital. Before quitting Southwark he paid his soldiers their wages and issued a proclamation that if any of his men owed anything to any person in the borough he would see that it was paid. "But," we are told, "there was none complained; the inhabitants said that there was never men behaved themselves so honestly as his company did there for the time of their abode."*

By nightfall Kingston Bridge was reached. The bridge had been broken by the queen's party, and the timbers were blocking up the river. Several soldiers plunged into the stream, and by the aid of the floating rafters swam to the opposite side, loosened the boats that were moored there, and before morning Wyatt and his troops had been safely rowed across. Lacking victuals the rebel leader pressed forward the same day and reached Knightsbridge, where he halted for the night. His arrival was anticipated and defensive measures had at once been adopted. The cavalry were drawn up at St. James's, the infantry were under arms at Charing Cross, at Westminster there was a strong guard, whilst St. Paul's Churchyard was stored with armory ready to be despatched, if wanted, either to the Tower or Charing Cross. Upon the first onset success favored the arms of Wyatt. At Charing Cross the royal troops were forced to fall back before the vigor of his charge, and the rebels passed Temple Bar and Fleet Street without opposition, until they were checked by the barriers at Ludgate. Here for the first time matters looked serious. Lord William Howard refused the rebels admittance, the citizens, on whom the Kentish men had so fondly relied, showed no signs of rising, and Wyatt, mortified and disheartened, sat him down at the Belle Sauvage gate to consider his position. He could not advance, yet in his rear were the royal troops now galloping along the narrow, uneven

roadway of the Strand in hot pursuit. What course was he to adopt? He resolved upon beating a retreat and cutting his way through the calvary of Pembroke, in the hope that he might reach the open fields at Knightsbridge. It was a terrible alternative, and before his men had fought their way back to Temple Bar he saw that escape was useless. He was surrounded by cavalry, and behind the troopers were the infantry that had marched up from Charing Cross. William Harvey, the herald at arms, came up to him and said: "Master Wyatt, you were best by my counsel to yield. You see this day has gone against you, and in resisting you can get no good, but be the death of all these your soldiers, to your great peril of soul. Perchance you may find the queen merciful, and the rather if you stint so great a bloodshed as is like here to be." "If I shall needs yield," cried Wyatt, almost cowed by the situation in which he found himself — though his men were ready to fight to the death — "I will yield me to a gentleman." But before the remark had well-nigh issued from his lips he was seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley and taken prisoner. The capture of their chief led to a brief resistance by the Kentish men, but the rebels were soon overpowered and their ringleaders fell an easy prey to the captains of the royal forces. "Thus," wrote Renard to his master, "the Lord gave the victory to her Majesty, with only the loss of two men and three wounded, which is evidently a miracle." On the side of the rebels some forty men were killed.

At five o'clock in the evening of the day which had been so fatal to his interests, Wyatt, with several of his companions, was brought by water to the Tower. As he passed under the frowning portals of Traitor's Gate he was greeted by Sir Philip Deny, who helped the prisoners to alight, with the words, "Go, traitor! there was never such a traitor in England!" Wyatt fiercely turned upon his accuser. "I am no traitor," he said; "I would thou should well know thou art more traitor than I; and it is not the part of an honest man to call me so." Then he walked up the steps and was received by Sir John Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower. His reception foreshadowed the treatment that was to follow. "Oh, thou villain and unhappy traitor!" cried Sir John, shaking his prisoner by the collar, and alluding to the fact that Wyatt had been implicated in the conspiracy to place Jane Grey on the throne but had been

* Ibid.

pardoned, "how couldst thou find in thy heart to work such detestable treason to the Queen's Majesty, who, being thy most gracious sovereign lady, gave thee thy life and living once already, although thou didst before this time bear arms in the field against her? And now to make such a great and most traitorous stir, giving her battle to her marvellous trouble and fright. And if it was not that the law must justly pass upon thee, I would strike thee through with my dagger." To whom Wyatt, looking grimly upon the lieutenant, thus curtly made answer, "It is no mystery now." He was then conducted to the dungeons below the Tower, and was confined, if report speaks correctly, in the cell called "Little Ease," there to await the masked executioner and the heading-block.

With the leading rebels safely imprisoned the dangers of the revolt were passed, and Mary was more firmly placed upon her throne than ever. She at once wrote to the father of her future husband, the emperor Charles, who had always taken a keen interest in her affairs, regretting the hasty departure of those envoys who had come purposely to treat of her marriage.

Monseigneur [she wrote],* I am exceedingly displeased that the rebels of my kingdom should have caused the departure of your ambassadors accredited to my court in such haste, and fear that they can give you but little news of what has lately passed. But as it has pleased God that the rebels were compelled to discover their traitorous designs before being ripe, and that now most of them are in prison or have fled the kingdom, I hope my affairs will be placed on a firmer footing, and that the alliance entered into with his Highness the Prince, my cousin, may be concluded. The swift punishment which has attended upon this rebellion will purge the realm of all such foes, as your Majesty will hear from my loyal and well-loved Lord Fitzwater, the bearer of this letter, who will inform you of the victory God has granted me, and why, owing to the hasty departure of your ambassadors, no reply has been returned to the letters they delivered me. He is also instructed to inform your Majesty with what pleasure your correspondence is received by me, and how great is my gratitude for the service and friendship displayed to me by you. To your ambassador resident here I am under deep obligations; his presence and counsel have been a great consolation to me in my late troubles. Praying the Creator to grant your Majesty a long life and perfect health,

Your very humble daughter, sister, and cousin,
MARY.

* Transcripts. London. Feb. 11, 1554.

And now, during the next few weeks, the axe of the headsman and the ropes of the gibbets were busy, launching all who were in any way connected with the late rebellion into eternity. "At every corner," said the French ambassador, "the eye meets nothing but the vile sight of hanging men." Wyatt had his execution deferred in the hope that certain precious State secrets might be drawn from his lips by the promise of pardon. Renard had throughout the rebellion been doing his utmost to poison the mind of Mary against her sister. He had assured the queen that, so long as the princess Elizabeth was at large, agitation and revolt would ever be making themselves felt. Certain suspicious circumstances had, too, supported his arguments. Elizabeth, during the recent rebellion, had been discovered to be in close communication with France — no friend to the cause of Mary. A letter written by Wyatt to her had also fallen into the hands of the Council; nay, more, the rebel leader himself, unmanned by the terrors of the scaffold, had sought to purchase dear life by implicating the princess in the late conspiracy. He had revealed nothing very definite, it is true, in his forced confessions, but still enough to induce a jealous sovereign to issue orders for the confinement of the suspected person. Elizabeth was then at Ashbridge, and Sir Henry Bedingfield was instructed to bring her to Whitehall. On her arrival at the palace Mary refused to see her, and the unhappy girl underwent a rigorous examination at the hands of the Council. She admitted having entered into a private correspondence with France, but expressed the utmost abhorrence of Wyatt's proceedings, and vowed she knew nothing of them. She was ordered to be committed to the Tower. The day before that dread sentence was to be carried out — for a cell in the Tower was often the half-way house to that Tower Green upon which but three weeks since the lady Jane Grey had met her doom — Elizabeth sat down before her guards, in her vigilantly watched apartment, and wrote to her obdurate sister. The letter lies before me, penned in a round, bold, boyish hand, every stroke firm and distinct — a letter written without hesitation or alteration. However humble and piteous are its contents, there is no sign of timidity in the drawing up of this pleading epistle.

If any ever did try this olde saying [she wrote]* that a king's worde was more than

* State Papers Domestic. Marv. Mar. 16, 1554.

[Indorse
Sovereign
letter is
reader, I
* .. My
treasurer
maternal
of Sudley
for aiming
hand of E

LIVIN

another man's othe [oath] I most humbly beseeche your Majestie to verifie it in me, and to remember your last promis, and my last demaunde, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof; wiche it semes that now I am. For that without cause provid, I am, by your counsel, from you commanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor than a tru subject, wiche thoght [though] I knowe I deserve it not, yet in the face of al this realme aperes that it is provid; wiche I pray God I may dy the shamefullist dethe that ever any died, afore I may mene [mean] any suche thinge. And to this present hower I protest afor God (who shal juge my truth) whatsoever malice shal devis, that I never practised, conciled [concealed] nor consented to any thinge that might [might] be prejudicial to your parson [person] any way, or dangerous to the State by any mene. And therefore I humbly beseeche your Majestie to let me answer afore your selfe and not suffer me to trust your counselors; yea, and that afore I go to the Tower (if it be possible), if not, afor I be further condemned. Howbeit I trust assuredly your Highness wyl give me leve to do it afore I go; for that thus shamfully I may not be cried out on as now I shal be, yea, and without cause. Let consciens move your Highness to take some better way with me than to make me be condemned in all men's sighth [sight] afor my desert knownen. Also I must humbly beseeche your Highness to pardon this my boldnes wiche innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindnis, wiche I trust wyl not se [see] me cast away without desert, wiche, what it is, I wold desier no more of God but that you truly knewe; wiche thinge I thinke and beleve you shal never by report knowe unles by yourself you hire [hear]. I have harde [heard] in my time of many cast away for want of comminge to the presence of ther Prince; and in late days I harde my lord of Somerset say that if his brother had bin suffered to speke with him he had never suffered; but the perswasions wer made to him so gret [great] that he was brogth [brought] in belefe that he coule not live safely if the Admiral lived, and that made him give his consent to his dethe.* Thought [though] thes parsons ar not to be compared to your Majestie yet I pray God as ivel [evil] perswasions perswade not one sistar again the other, and al for that she have harde false report and not harkene [hearkened] to the trueth knownen. Therefor ons [once] again kniling [kneeling] with humblenes of my hart, bicause I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speke with your Highness,

[Indorsed by Lord Coke, "Queen Elizabeth, my dear Sovereign's, letter to Queen Mary in vinculis."] The letter is written without any stops, but, to assist the reader, I have punctuated it.

* "My lord of Somerset" was protector and lord treasurer in the reign of Edward VI., to whom he was maternal uncle; "the Admiral" was Lord Seymour of Sudleye, his younger brother, who was beheaded for aiming at the protectorate and for aspiring to the hand of Elizabeth.

wiche I wolde not be so bold to desier if I knewe not my selfe most clere as I knowe my selfe most tru. And as for the traitor Wiat, he might [might] paraventur [peradventure] writ me a lettar, but on my faithie I never received any from him; and as for the copie of my lettar sent to the Frenche kinge I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or lettar by any menes, and to this my truth I wil stande in to my dethe.

I humbly crave but only one worde of answer from your selfe.

Your Highness most faithful subject that hath bine from the beginninge and wyl be to my end,
ELIZABETH.

To this letter no answer was vouchsafed. The next morning Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower. As the barge rested against the steps of Traitor's Gate for its unhappy passenger to alight, she cried to the soldiers who were on guard at the entrance of the Tower, "Good people, bear me witness! I come in as no traitor, but as true a woman to the queen's majesty as any is now living; and thereon will I take my death." Her imprisonment was but of a few weeks' duration. The evidence proffered by Wyatt against her had been withdrawn by the terrified rebel as soon as his manhood had been restored him, and he fully acquitted her of any participation in the late insurrection. It was in vain that Renard, who was ever assuring Mary that as long as the head of Elizabeth was spared, treason and heresy would be rife within the kingdom, himself visited the dungeons of the Tower and promised the rebel that if he confessed matters sufficiently compromising to the princess his life would be spared. Wyatt surlily replied that he had nothing to reveal, and that the lady Elizabeth was guiltless of all connection with his rising. His life had been spared by the Council so long as it had been hoped that damaging statements might be wrung from him; now that he had nothing to disclose, or was resolved upon disclosing nothing, there was no reason, ministers said, why the wretch should not be sent to share the same fate as his followers. The lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to have him carried to the Tower Hill, and there to see him beheaded on the ensuing Wednesday, April 11, 1554. Romance has asserted that Wyatt was put to the rack, and when in the Tower was confronted with Elizabeth, before whom, awed by her majestic air of indignation, he withdrew all his damaging charges. History possesses no evidence for either of these assertions.

At the appointed day Wyatt was led up the steps of his dungeon and, for the first time since his capture at Temple Bar, breathed the fresh air of heaven. He was dressed in the same clothes which he wore on his first passing under the spokes of Traitor's Gate — "a shirt with sleeves very fair, and thereon a velvet cassock and a yellow lace, with the windlass of his dag hanging thereon, and a pair of boots on his legs: on his head he had a fair hat of velvet with broad lace about it." In his hands he held a book. At the garden pale, hard by the lieutenant's lodgings, which separated Tower Green from the ominous hill, he took leave of the secretary, one Master Bourne. "I pray you, sir," said the condemned, "pray for me, and be a mean to the queen for my poor wife and children; and if it might have pleased her grace to have granted me my life, I would have trusted to have done her such good service as should have well recompensed mine offence: but since not, I beseech God have mercy on me." To the which Bourne made no answer. Supported by two attendants, Wyatt then walked towards the hill, which, save the guarded place where stood the heading-block and the upright form of the masked executioner, was thronged with spectators. Not a cheer or a prayer, such is the fickleness of mob popularity, in his behalf rent the air; the only cry that arose was "Long live Queen Mary!" Six weeks ago it was "A Wyatt! a Wyatt!" "Down with the bastard!" "Away with the foreigner!" and the rest of it. But treason to be popular must at least be successful; at the first sign of failure, loyalty, or in other words self-interest, revives. On ascending the scaffold Wyatt faced the crowd and spoke as follows: "Good people, I am come presently here to die, being thereunto lawfully and worthily condemned, for I have sorely offended against God and the queen's majesty, and am sorry therefore. I trust God hath forgiven and taken his mercy upon me. I beseech the queen's majesty also of forgiveness." "She hath forgiven you already," said Weston, the priest appointed to attend upon the prisoner at his last hour. "Glad I am of it," said Wyatt. "And now," he continued, "let every man beware how he taketh anything in hand against the higher powers. Unless God be prosperous to his purpose it will never take good effect or success, and thereof ye may now learn of me. And I pray God I may be the last example in this place for that or any other

like. And whereas it is said abroad that I should accuse my lady Elizabeth's grace, it is not so. Good people, I assure you I have confessed before the queen's majesty's honorable Council all those that took part with me and were privy of the conspiracy; but as for my lady Elizabeth, here I take it upon my death that she never knew of the conspiracy nor of my first rising; and, as touching any fault that is laid to her charge, I cannot accuse her. God I take in witness, and this is most true."

Then, without more talk he turned him and put off his doublet and untrussed his points. Stripped to his shirt he knelt down on the straw, prayed silently for a brief space, then with his own hands doubled the handkerchief around his eyes and placed his head on the block. He gave the signal by lifting up his hands, and at one stroke his head was severed from his body. "Then," writes our chronicler, "was he forthwith quartered upon the scaffold, and the next day his quarters set at divers places, and his head upon a stake upon the gallows beyond St. James's. Which his head, as is reported, remained not there ten days unstolen away."

A few weeks after this execution Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and placed under the *surveillance* of Sir Henry Bedingfield at Woodstock.

A. C. EWALD.

From Temple Bar.

GENERAL CHANZY.

THE premature death of the one great soldier produced by France, in 1870-1, induces us briefly to review his exploits. From the moment when he attained command, intelligent observers of the fierce contest which was being waged in the region of the Loire, perceived that Chanzy was no ordinary man; and as the strife deepened, the magnificent stand he made against the huge German hosts, gained the respect, nay, the admiration of Europe. The knowledge acquired since the war ended has elevated him even more in opinion, and it is now acknowledged that this eminent man had many of the gifts of a great commander. It is not only, though that is much, that Chanzy thoroughly understood his profession, and comprehended in its various details the difficult practice of modern war; in these respects he was perhaps equalled by the

skilful Faidherbe, and the well-read Trochu. Nor was it only that he possessed the faculty of directing operations in the field ably, nor yet that he made himself conspicuous in organizing and preparing armies; Macmahon could fight an excellent battle, and D'Aurelle was capable in forming troops; yet neither chief could be compared with him. The qualities that distinguished Chanzy raised him high above generals of these types; and we feel assured that had he had the resources, and the opportunity of more fortunate men, he would have ranked among the masters of war. His strategic conceptions, we see, were equal to combinations on the largest scale, and were brilliant and sound alike; and had he been allowed to carry out his plans, nay, had his advice been even followed, the efforts of France, on two occasions at least, might not improbably have been crowned with success, with ultimate consequences perhaps momentous. How admirable was his conduct in the field, was made evident in his memorable campaign between the Loire, the Sarthe, and the Mayenne, when at the head of a defeated army, composed largely of young levies, and suffering from every kind of privations, he more than once baffled the German legions, fought, and all but won one great pitched battle, and finally drew off in a masterly retreat a force still unbroken and even formidable; and it may fairly be said that this grand resistance, described by Von Moltke himself as "amazing," and which utterly disconcerted the German chiefs, was the most perfect specimen of tactical skill shown on either side in the war of 1870. Chanzy, too, possessed in no ordinary degree one of the finest qualities of a true warrior — he inspired confidence and won the hearts of his troops; it was observed of him that he could obtain more from his improvised army than any one else; and though he was strict, nay severe, in discipline, his officers and men were devoted to him. Yet we have still to notice the most distinctive and noblest feature of this great character. Alone of all the soldiers of France, Chanzy remained superior to adverse fortune, after the catastrophe of Bourbaki's army, and the calamitous end of the siege of Paris; and alone he declared that it was still possible, were but the nation to be true to itself, to maintain a contest that seemed to others hopeless. Nor was this heroic constancy foolhardiness; the plans of Chanzy were deeply laid, and had he been invested with the supreme command, we

shall not affirm that his resistance would not have worn the invaders out and have at least gained better terms for France than those imposed on her by the Peace of Frankfurt.

Though long known as a soldier of promise, Chanzy was passed over by Napoleon III., and had only a brigade when the war began. When France rose to arms, after the disaster of Sedan, he was given a division of the 16th Corps, one of those improvised bodies with which Gambetta hoped to stem the tide of the German invasion. This promotion, it is said, was due to a letter from Macmahon, then a prisoner of war, who had formed a high estimate of Chanzy's powers; and in this, as in other instances, the Duke of Magenta showed that he had the interests of his country at heart. Within a few weeks Chanzy was placed at the head of the 16th Corps, now north of the Loire; the quality of his troops, and their fitness for the field, may be estimated from the following passage: "Discipline scarcely existed; the soldiers had fallen into the habit of doing as they pleased, without minding their orders. . . . Drunkenness, too, had made great progress; obscene songs, and the 'Marseillaise' resounded in the ranks. . . . Some of the regiments are in a state of extreme want."

Under the admirable direction of General D'Aurelle, but with Chanzy in immediate command, a new spirit was breathed into this mass; and before long, so remarkable are the instincts of the French race for war, it became a far from contemptible force. The 16th joined with the 15th Corps, was now given the name of the Army of the Loire; and by the first week of November, 1870, it held the country to the north of the river, between Beaugency, Blois, and Marchenoir. D'Aurelle now resolved to march on Orleans, which had been captured by a raid from Paris, and if possible, to cut off a Bavarian detachment, which was the only hostile body in his path; and for this purpose he advanced his two corps, combining his operations with a French division, which was to descend on Orleans from the upper Loire. These movements led to the battle of Coulmiers, the one French victory gained in the war; and though owing to the delay of the distant French wing, the Bavarians contrived to effect their escape, they were rudely handled and badly beaten. Chanzy was in command of the French left, but through the mistake of a cavalry leader his operations were not brilliant. His troops, however,

had fought well; and it is astonishing how the Army of the Loire could have attained efficiency in so brief a time. We quote from his report: "Our troops of the Loire and of the Garde Mobile, who, for the most part, had been in action for the first time, had behaved admirably. . . . The artillery deserved high praise; and the cavalry had done very well, its only mistake was that it did not understand the important part it might have played at the end of the battle."

It is, in fact, not in courage, nor even in energy, but in endurance, and the power of cohesion, above all in confidence after defeat, that an improvised army like that of the Loire is so inferior to a long-trained enemy.

This apparition of a victorious army, which seemed as if France could call up legions, so to speak, from the earth if she stamped her foot, perplexed the counsels of the Germans at Versailles; and it is now known that the French commander might have struck with great, perhaps immense effect. The Bavarian detachment, not twenty thousand strong, was literally the only hostile force between D'Aurelle and the capital of France; and had that general advanced boldly with his sixty or seventy thousand men, he would almost certainly have crushed Von der Tann; very probably have defeated the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, who was hurriedly sent off with a few thousand men to attempt to reach his Bavarian colleague; and possibly might have raised the siege of Paris, for Von Moltke contemplated even this contingency. From the following, though the language is cautious, we see that Chanzy believed an operation possible, which Napoleon, we are convinced, would have tried. "It was perhaps possible, making good use of the enthusiasm produced by our victory, to have reached and beaten the army of Von der Tann before it could have received aid from the grand duke; to have then assailed the grand duke's force, and so to have defeated the Germans in detail before the reinforcements, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, could have arrived.

D'Aurelle, however, fell back on Orleans, his object being to make the position an entrenched camp of formidable strength, and a base for future offensive movements. This resolve is not to be wholly condemned; but it deprived France of one admirable chance; it made the attitude of the Army of the Loire feeble; above all, it permitted the Germans to collect a

powerful force against their new-found enemy. Chanzy protested against this timid caution; urged his chief to advance to the line of the Conlie, and to be ready to assume the offensive; and especially entreated him to attack in detail Von der Tann, the grand duke, and Prince Frederick Charles, as gathering together from wide distances, and presenting their flanks to their collected enemy, these generals slowly converged on Orleans. These counsels were beyond dispute right; and here we see the distinction between bold yet scientific, and mere waiting strategy. Chanzy watched with impatience the occasion that was let slip. "We ought — and the chief of the 16th Corps insisted upon it — to have made use of the opportunity, and to have vigorously assailed the flank of the enemy, as . . . he defied before us to join Prince Frederick Charles."

It is gratifying, however, to know that D'Aurelle was not responsible for the defeats that followed. By the close of November the 15th and 16th Corps had been reinforced by the 17th, the 18th, and the 20th; and the French army, two hundred thousand strong, filled the region around and in front of Orleans. The purpose of D'Aurelle was to await the attack of the enemy in his entrenched camp, and he has left on record his assured conviction that in this position success was probable. Gambetta, however, who believed himself as capable in directing armies as he certainly was in levying troops, having heard that Trochu was about to make a great effort to break out from Paris, insisted upon a general movement in the very teeth of Prince Frederick Charles; and for this purpose the 18th Corps was prematurely thrown forward on Beaune-la-Rolande, the 20th failing to give it support, while the 15th, the 16th, and the 17th were ordered to make what really was a flank march within reach of a foe at this moment all but concentrated. The 18th Corps was at once defeated; and then the prince, by a masterly movement, combined with his supports on the left, fell on the French centre, the 15th Corps, and shattered it after a brave resistance. The stroke forced Chanzy, who up to this time had gained real, though slight advantages, to fall back with the 16th on the 17th Corps; and as the German commander followed up his success with characteristic energy and skill, the result was that the 15th Corps was all but ruined as a military force; that Orleans and the entrenched camp were carried, and that the Army of the Loire was rent

in twain, the 18th and 20th Corps being driven across the river, while the 16th, 17th, and the wreck of the 15th were rallied by Chanzy on the northern bank. A succession, in short, of false movements had inflicted a ruinous defeat on France; neither the defensive strategy of D'Aurelle, nor the bolder plans of his able lieutenant, had been given a chance of being carried out; and it is a mere mistake to ascribe the issue to the quality alone of the French army. How badly Chanzy thought of Gambetta's projects we see from the following: "The generals did all that was in their power to explain the danger of these operations . . . but the general plan was treated as a positive order of the government, and we only discussed the means of executing it."

After the defeat of D'Aurelle — he was cruelly dismissed for a failure not to be ascribed to him — the divided parts of the Army of the Loire were separated into two bodies, the First Army, given to Bourbaki, and the Second, remaining under Chanzy. From this period we follow the career of Chanzy as a commander-in-chief; and, as always happens with great men, he shone the more the higher he rose. His war-worn forces had been strengthened by the 21st Corps, moved up from the west, and by a flying column from Tours; and by the 6th of December he had placed the army between Marchenoir, Josnes, and Beaugency, having skillfully chosen a strong defensive line, with his flanks covered by a great forest and the Loire. He was forthwith attacked by Prince Frederick Charles, who, having entered Orleans on the 4th and 5th, turned against the enemy hanging on his flank, no doubt confident of easy success; but his calculations were completely baffled. In a series of stern and sustained engagements, Chanzy for four whole days repelled his assailant, inflicting on him considerable loss; and though the prince was reinforced from Orleans by a detachment under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, he made no impression on his heroic enemy, until a demonstration from the Loire and Blois placed a German corps on the French rear. The terrible character of these battles may be estimated from this significant anecdote: "During the stern days of Josnes, a German officer of high rank who had been made prisoner, made no secret of the astonishment caused by the resistance of our young troops. He compared these battles on the plains of the Beauce to

those of 1866, in which he had taken part, and acknowledged that these last seemed but child's play to the incessant and obstinate contest which the Germans were compelled to maintain, in order to reduce to submission a nation believed, after its disasters, to have been at the end of its resources."

The tactics of Chanzy in these actions were fine specimens of military skill. He had, no doubt, the superiority in mere numbers, but his young and lately defeated army was very inferior to the German legions. The strength of his well-chosen position enabled him to baffle the turning movements, so often successful with the German chiefs, and so formidable to immature troops; and he compelled the prince to attack in front, where the defensive has a decided advantage. But like all generals who understand war, he avoided a mere passive defence — especially trying to French soldiers — and on every occasion that seemed favorable, he assumed a bold yet judicious offensive. An English correspondent in the German camp, with marked sympathies on the German side, wrote thus of this remarkable passage of arms: "The French have the choice of positions, and possess a general who knows how to occupy and hold a good one. The actions of the last four days have, no doubt, encouraged the French, for they have been so long unaccustomed to victory that they will become hopeful at not being beaten. They have been fighting altogether eight days out of ten; and troops of new formation, who can do this against veterans, and hold their own to the last, have a right to expect that fortune will turn in their favor. The Germans, on the other hand, are stupefied by this extraordinary resistance."

Chanzy's skill, however, was not more remarkable than his confidence and tenacious energy; his presence electrified his young levies, and from this moment he held absolute sway over the hearts of officers and men alike. Gambetta, too, who with all his faults appreciated talent and force of character, thenceforward gave him his whole confidence. The following is worthy of both men, each great, yet with a different kind of greatness: "We congratulate you on your firm attitude, and have but one wish — that you may succeed in breathing your spirit into those who surround you."

The astonishing efforts made by Chanzy once more disconcerted the strategists of Versailles. The great sortie from

Paris had, no doubt, failed; but it had cost the Germans thousands of lives, and the proud city still defied its enemy. So, too, D'Aurelle had succumbed with Orleans; but a fresh army had arisen from the wreck, and it had found a chief who could make it accomplish feats that seemed impossible to professional soldiers. The position of the invaders became again perilous; and this telegram, from an English source at Berlin, shows what was thought at the Prussian War Office of the situation at this conjuncture: "The military position of affairs is deemed critical in well-informed quarters. Uneasiness is felt as to the final issue of the contest."

The superiority of Chanzy will at once be evident, if we compare his conduct with that of Bourbaki. The First Army had not suffered more than the Second in the defeats round Orleans; it had not been molested in its retreat; and it had had some days to recruit its strength. Yet while Chanzy was making his heroic stand, exposed to the whole weight of his enemy's force, Bourbaki literally did nothing, and declared that he could not detach a man from his quarters at Bourges to aid his colleague. This unpardonable remissness enabled the Germans to make the movement along the Loire which, as we said, endangered the flank of Chanzy, when it had been found impossible to break his front. From the following we see what his feelings were, and what doubtless he thought of the conduct of a man who, though an accomplished soldier, was utterly unfit for chief command.

"The movement which is possible, and indispensable to restore the situation of affairs, is this: whatever the risk, to march from Bourges to Vierzon; to press forward the main body of the First Army by Romorantin upon Blois; and to take a position between the Loire and the Cher, in order to interrupt the communications of the enemy between Orleans and his troops near Tours, and to cut these last from their base of operations. If this be done, I promise that I will hold my own on the right bank of the Loire."

The hostile movement in Chanzy's flank compelled him to leave his position on the Loire. This retreat, however, was in no sense retiring before a victorious enemy; it was a purely strategic move, with important ulterior plans in view. The great object of the French government was to direct a relieving force on Paris, already besieged for four months; and whether this project was best or not,

Gambetta would hear of nothing else. Accordingly Chanzy resolved to ascend from the Loire, towards the capital, by the north-west; and for his immediate purpose drew off his army to the Loir, an affluent of the great river. His retreat across the plains of the Beauce might have been made perilous by a daring enemy; but it was conducted with remarkable skill; and the Germans were very much exhausted. By the 13th of December the French army was in position around Vendôme, having scarcely been molested on the way. Chanzy remarked with truth: "The retreat of the Second Army from Josnes to Vendôme, under the conditions of bad weather, fatigue, and dangers which attended it, was most honorable to the troops. It had sufficiently imposed on the enemy to prevent him from disturbing it, and availing himself of chances of destroying it, which might have presented themselves had he known how to seize them."

The object of the movement is thus described: "By its establishment on the Loire, the army threatened the flank of the enemy, if he descended from Orleans on Tours, without going far away from Chartres, in which place it was possible to move by Châteaudun, remaining thus upon one of the chief lines which it would be necessary to follow, in order to begin again operations towards Paris, as soon as these should become possible."

On the 15th, Chanzy was attacked again, Prince Frederick Charles having rightly judged that he was the foe to strike down at all cost. The French made a gallant resistance; but on the second day their right wing was turned, and shattered by an attack in flank. Chanzy decided on a retreat to Le Mans, a strong position upon the Huisne, and a strategic point of no little value, his object being still to attain Paris. He drew off his army without difficulty: "The Second Army had again effected a retreat as difficult as the preceding ones, and which was as honorable to it. The enemy, kept back on all points, had become less and less enterprising; it was easy to perceive that, no more than our own, were his troops able to resist their fatigues; they were besides demoralized by the continuation of a struggle which they had thought ended, but which was perpetually being kept up."

The invaders, in fact, had immensely suffered; and needed rest as much as their foes. The following from Gambetta is overdrawn, but it was an exagger-

ation only of truth: "You have decimated the men of Mecklenburgh; the Bavarians have ceased to exist; the German army is already disquieted and worn out. Let us persist and we shall drive these hordes empty-handed out of France."

Having been reinforced by a Breton detachment, Chanzy reached Le Mans on the 20th of December. During three weeks of incessant fighting he had held the main German army at bay; he had baffled completely its most brilliant chief; he was nearer Paris, his real objective, than when he had assumed the command on the Loire. A great general only could have done these things; and he still held the capital steadily in view. "It was now within the power of the Second Army, if it were ready for the field, and had not too strong an enemy in its front, to ascend the Huisne rapidly, as if to menace Chartres — this place was held in force by the Germans — and then, having masked the town, to move northwards to throw its left upon the Seine, on the line of Mantes, in order to assail a flotilla charged to revictual Paris, to threaten Versailles, and to make a combined effort with the defenders of the capital to break through the investment."

Chanzy had soon established his army on the Huisne, throwing out posts to the Braye and the Loire. Meanwhile Prince Frederick Charles had fallen back, holding a long line from Chartres to Orleans, his worn-out troops being in sore distress. A pause in the contest now occurred; and the belligerents on either side prepared to repair their forces, and to renew the struggle. A glance at the situation shows that if Germany was still, on the whole, successful, the position of France was very far from hopeless. The invaders, no doubt, still invested Paris; they had hitherto been able to defeat or keep back the vast armed masses directed against them, with untiring energy, from many points; and they had the advantages of a central position, of interior lines on the whole theatre, of a master of war in supreme command, and of troops very superior to their foes. Nevertheless, imposing as seemed their attitude, they were exposed to peril of no ordinary kind, for they were thrown for leagues round a huge fortress, liable to fierce attacks from within and without; they were plunged in the depths of a hostile country, a whole nation rising in arms against them; and at this moment they were outnumbered in the field, since three hundred thousand

men were required to hold Paris and the communications with the Rhine; there were probably not one hundred and fifty thousand available for operations elsewhere; and their chiefs had been compelled to send for large reinforcements still far distant. On the other hand, Paris was still able to resist, and had a powerful army within its walls; Faidherbe in the north had become menacing; Bourbaki on the Loire was giving signs of life; Chanzy in the west was at the head of forces which every effort had failed to subdue; and it was not impossible that three hundred thousand men might be directed to the relief of the capital, where a single victory might accomplish wonders. How Chanzy perceived the true state of affairs appears in a long despatch to Gambetta, which proves that he was no mean strategist. We have space only for a few sentences: "The resistance of Paris has a limit known to you; the time is pressing; and the great effort we must make can only succeed if all our forces co-operate skilfully according to a carefully arranged plan. . . . With the advantages he possesses the enemy evidently tries to attack successively, and in force, each of our armies; he manoeuvres with great ability, and we are not well informed as to his principal movements, which he masks with remarkable skill."

The following was the plan proposed by Chanzy for the relief of the capital. It may be left with confidence to judges of war: "It is indispensable that the First and the Second Armies, and that under the command of General Faidherbe, should march simultaneously; the Second from Le Mans to establish itself on the Eure between Evreux and Chartres; the First from Châtillon-sur-Seine in order to hold positions between the Marne and Seine, from Naquet to Château Thierry; the Army of the North from Arras to place itself from Compiègne to Beauvais. In addition to these three main operations, and to aid them, the divisions from Cherbourg would advance and cover the left of the Second Army. . . . Once our three principal armies shall have attained these positions, we must communicate with Paris and combine our efforts to reach the common objective, the Army of Paris making at the same time vigorous sorties. . . . By these means the enemy may be driven from his lines; and then renewed efforts by the united armies without and within Paris, may lead to the deliverance of France from the invaders."

Conjecture is useless whether this plan would have been attended with success or not. Von Moltke, moving on shorter lines, might perhaps have maintained his grasp on the capital, and driven the armies of relief back; or he might at some point have been defeated, with consequences, in that event, momentous. What can, however, be fairly said is, that Paris being the main objective, the plan of Chanzy was admirably laid: it contemplated a great concentric movement against the forces covering the siege, especially aiming at Prince Frederick Charles; and it had the special merit of securing a retreat on every line in the event of defeat. In an ill-omened hour, however, for France, Gambetta rejected this judicious scheme, and adopted the fatal and wild project of detaching the First Army far to the east, in order to raise the siege of Belfort, and to reach the German communications with the Rhine. This movement, even in theory false, and in existing circumstances as foolish as that which ended in the ruin of Sedan, was opposed by Chanzy, in an able paper; but his protests might have been more vehement; and he might have recollected how the youthful Bonaparte had refused to attempt an operation of the kind, which would have marred the immortal campaign of Italy. Yet we must not forget that, on two occasions, before Orleans, and at Le Mans, Chanzy gave counsels which, if followed, might have made the issue of the war different; and he had not the authority nor, we must add, the unscrupulousness of the warrior of 1796. He wrote thus to Gambetta: "I wished to make a last effort to prevent this operation. I insisted for the adoption and execution of the plan I had proposed."

The eccentric movement which sent off Bourbaki to destruction amidst the snows of the Jura, freed Prince Frederick Charles from an enemy on his flank, and enabled him to turn his whole forces against the one chief he had found invincible. Drawing together his army and that of the grand duke — they had received considerable additional strength — the German commanders, in the first week of January, began to move towards Le Mans and the Huisne, approaching each other from Chartres and Orleans. The advanced posts of Chanzy were gradually driven in, though not without a tenacious resistance; but his trust was in his positions on the Huisne, which he had strengthened with remarkable skill, and he fell back on

them with unabated confidence. He had still, perhaps, 90,000 men against 60,000 or 70,000 Germans; but as his troops were not to be compared to their foes, he was very inferior in real force. The attack began on the 10th of January, but the decisive effort was made next day; and the prince struck home with his full strength. The defence, however, was stern and sustained; the tenacity of Chanzy and his strong positions made up for the defects of his soldiers; and after ten hours of desperate fighting the French were still in possession of their lines. Chanzy thus described the results of the battle: had he been in the place of the sluggish Bazaine, how different might have been the fate of Gravelotte! "The action continued along the whole line up to six o'clock. The night had arrived; we had remained masters of all our positions, both on the plateau of Auvours and on the right bank of the Huisne. The only serious check we had sustained was the evacuation of Auvours for a moment, but this had been brilliantly and quickly repaired by the fine conduct of General Goujard at the head of a part of his Breton division, and of the troops of the 17th Corps which he had rallied. The enemy had made great efforts against the whole front of our lines from the Tertre Rouge to the left of the 21st Corps. If our losses had been serious, his had been even more considerable, owing to the advantage of our positions and the preparations we had made for defence."

A sudden attack, made after nightfall, unexpectedly by a German corps, discomfited, however, the Breton levies, and placed a hostile force upon Chanzy's flank. Scenes of confusion and panic followed too characteristic of a raw army; an effort to drive the enemy away failed; and Chanzy, in order to avoid a disaster, was compelled to make a general retreat. The movement, however, was no rout; the Germans, in fact, were, for several hours, unaware of the real state of affairs, and of the great success they had gained; and though part of the French army disbanded, and several thousand prisoners were made, it was in tolerable order within two days. By the 20th, having been scarcely pursued, so heavy had been the loss of the Germans, Chanzy was once more in a good position, around Laval and upon the Mayenne; and having been joined by a new corps, he was still formidable and with unbroken force. Calm, stern, and self-possessed as ever, he still

looked forward to a march on Paris: "This army, which might have been supposed ruined, thus appeared once more, in renewed strength, ready to advance with four corps, numbering about 150,000 infantry, 6000 cavalry, and 54 batteries of artillery without reckoning the Breton mobiles, who were being organized, and who when drilled would swell our forces in the west to 235,000 men. . . . Our course, therefore, was to make as quickly as possible good use of this force, and to march to the relief of Paris."

The fall of Paris on the 28th January, and the catastrophe of Bourbaki's army, prevented Chanzy from attempting this march. During the armistice that ensued he was invited to present a scheme of operations to the French government in the event of a renewal of war. We shall quote a few passages from his masterly despatch, the whole of which should, however, be studied. Without concealing the perils of France, Chanzy showed with truth that she had still great resources: "We had immediately available, 222,000 infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 33,900 artillerymen, 1,332 field-pieces with 242 rounds for each piece, and 4,000 wagons for parks; and, as resources to be organized, 354,000 men in the territorial divisions and in the depôts of Algeria, 132,000 recruits of the class of 1871, 443 guns, mounted, though without horses, 398,000 projectiles, 1,200 wagons in our arsenals, and 12,000 horses which could be delivered within six weeks. . . . Finally, we possessed a country with a population of twenty-five millions of souls, on which the invader had not set foot."

A universal and fierce resistance, like that which Spain opposed to Napoleon, which avoiding general engagements in the field, should compel the Germans to divide their forces, and to maintain armies at many points, and should aim at wearying them out at last, was obviously the true course to follow: "The troops at our disposal, we must not forget, have not, as yet, either sufficient organization or coherence, and are not sufficiently trained to war, to form armies capable of manœuvring, and fighting persistently against those which the enemy can array in at least equal numbers. We must therefore avoid battles which might become decisive. The object to aim at, is to make resistance national, and continuous at all points, and thus to force the enemy to disseminate his troops, to compel Germany to maintain in France an

army of at least five hundred thousand men, and to subject her to losses which at last will tire her out. So we can await the time, when, with organized forces, we shall be equal to a great effort, and shall be able, under less unfavorable conditions, to expel the enemy from the country."

A guerilla warfare of this kind, however, required a real army in the field to maintain a solid and lasting defensive, and continually to hold the enemy in check. For this purpose Chanzy proposed to move the Second Army to the south of the Loire, and thus to make head against the invaders. The ability with which he marked out the lines of defence for this supreme contest, and the stern confidence with which he declared that he would carry the war to the last man of France, without doubt of the final issue, if the nation was worthy of its old renown, reminds us of Wellington at Torres Vedras: "Our organized armies, established on strong positions prepared for defence, could thus resist as long as possible, yielding ground when forced to do so, but only retreating upon new positions chosen beforehand, and so obtaining the result which we must aim at, the prolongation of the contest. This resistance could be carried in parts of the country, in succession, which would present increasing difficulties to the enemy, especially in Auvergne, and so we should acquire solidity and strength, for we should gain time to organize and maintain our resources."

Recollecting what Chanzy had accomplished, who shall say that this project was chimerical, had this great soldier been in supreme command? Chanzy believed that ultimate success was probable; and after the war declared that France had fallen from want of reliance on herself: "We found, even in our improvised soldiers, the great military qualities which are the inalienable heritage of our race; and the principal cause of our final overthrow was a want of confidence in ourselves."

Chanzy, however, added these words of caution against that mischievous popular fallacy, that a nation may trust for its defence on armies formed of young levies: "Yet let us not suppose that improvised armies are a sufficient security in the great crises of war which may again happen. The events in which we have taken part demonstrate beyond question, that a nation can only be sure of its independence, and really strong, when its

military organization is carefully matured, complete, and powerful."

As is well known, this eminent man had not an opportunity to carry out his projects, for the war ended with the fall of Paris. France, however, appreciated his great deeds; she felt that he had redeemed her honor; and he received the thanks of the Assembly at Versailles. Chanzy held afterwards high command; he showed great capacity of organization, and of preparing the new army of France; and had war with Germany broken out again, he would certainly have been commander-in-chief. He was esteemed, too, by his late enemy; was received at Berlin with extreme courtesy; and Moltke has placed this opinion on record, that his "reiterated efforts surpassed belief." He has passed away, and it was not given him to attempt to avenge the disasters of France, and to bring victory back to her standards. The vulgar opinion may be that success is necessary to make a general great; but this is not the judgment of true critics; and Chanzy will rank among captains, like William of Orange, Villars, and Washington — men who never won a great pitched battle, yet whose martial qualities and heroic constancy, conspicuously shown in adverse fortune, entitled them to the admiration of mankind.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

BATH AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS A CENTURY AGO.

BRILLIANT, a century ago, must have been the scene presented in the ball-room of what Acres, in "The Rivals," styles the "new rooms" at Bath. The lustre was more subdued in those days of candles; but there were few black coats to deaden the effect of the radiance. The cut-steel buttons and buckles of the men, or the silver and paste of the more elderly beaux, must have everywhere sparkled about the room. The effect of the general aspect of a fine gentleman of the period must have been precisely as suggested in Pope's "Rape of the Lock," glittering —

The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight beau.

Then the variegated tints of plumes or flowers adorning the snowy locks of the fair sex, the heightened tone imparted to the complexion by powder, patches, and

perhaps more than a *souçon* of rouge, the many hues displayed in the costumes of both sexes, must altogether have given the scene a charm of color in which our modern balls are deficient. Even the black of the clergy who might be present, was relieved by frills, ruffles, and the silver buckles on the instep. A description is given in the *Westminster Magazine* of the fashions worn on the queen's birthday, January 18, 1781; and those of Bath in the height of the season would not have materially differed, except that the men wore no swords, under the wise regulation formerly made by Beau Nash. The king was habited in dark-colored velvet, richly embroidered, with a star and shoulder-knot of diamonds. His sword-hilt was enriched with jewels. The queen was in pink satin, trimmed with black fur. The Prince of Wales was dressed in pearl-colored silk, embroidered with gold; and his black hat was ornamented with a white feather, and rows of steel beads. The ladies were usually costumed in satins, trimmed with fur, lace, or crape, and ornamented with fanciful flounces of gauze, fringed with gold and silver. The three most general satins were rose-color, white, and orange-color; the former being predominant. The Duchess of Devonshire wore a rose-colored vest and train, with a white satin petticoat, and small chains of silver, partly gilt, hanging around her dress. The ladies' head-dresses were decorated with a few artificial flowers airily placed; and they generally wore large bouquets of the same. The gentlemen's suits were mostly embroidered velvets and rich silks trimmed with fur. "Sir Thomas Irvine's coat was reckoned the most elegant at court, being black velvet with satin waistcoat and cuffs *coulour de feu*, and embroidered with gold and pearls." When the company was seated around the handsome and spacious ball-room at Bath (one hundred and five feet by forty-two), with its classical adornments and sufficiency of color on the walls, and belles were led forth by beaux to the stately minuet, with a gleaming of rich satin and golden embroideries, an aspect of great courtliness must have pervaded the place. If their apparel, however, was gorgeous, their habits were simple. In hints for etiquette it is suggested that a gentleman should always offer his partner an orange at the termination of the dance. Two guineas entitle a subscriber, during the season, to admissions for two ladies, to dress balls, fancy balls, and promenades;

but all persons are expected to pay sixpence for tea. The dress and fancy balls are to commence at seven, and terminate at eleven precisely, even in the middle of a dance.

Ladies who intend dancing minuets are requested, in the regulations for the rooms, to wear lappets. It is hoped that gentlemen will accommodate their dress to that of the ladies; and they are not to wear boots. It seems to have been the custom, in the minuets, for one gentleman to dance with two ladies consecutively; leading forth the second after he had handed the first to her place. Presumably it was not easy to secure as many beaux as belles, to face the ordeal of the eyes of the company who were probably seated around the room, several benches deep. It is ordered that three benches are to be reserved, at the upper end of the room, for ladies of precedence, of the rank of peeress.

When the country dances commenced, in which the *beau monde* threw off its statelier graces, and bobbed, capered, jigged, and grinned, as may be seen in illustrations of the period, it was ordained that these ladies of precedence should have the right to take the upper places. They might not, however, assume these positions after the dance had once commenced.

Besides the "new rooms," now only opened for occasional balls, concerts, etc., Bath was then also able to support regular assemblies in the old rooms, established by Beau Nash, near the abbey, on the site of the present museum. Both sets of rooms were opened for balls and assemblies, and a fancy ball weekly. Our great-grandparents appear to have been excessively enamored of masquerades, in which they seem to have endeavored to act up to their characters; though intrigues beneath the shelter of the masks were probably an important element in the *raison d'être*. There is an account of a masquerade in the *Westminster Review* of December, 1785, which was held at Carlisle House, under the direction of Mrs. Corneby, tickets of admission being twenty-six shillings.

Nearly a thousand persons met on the occasion, and though much the greater number were in dominoes, there were nevertheless many humorous and characteristic masks; among the best of which we reckon a travelling fiddler; a native of Otaheite; an English toper swelled to a most immoderate size; a bellman; a Turk; Sir Dillberry Diddle, *parfaitement un petit*

maître; a bad Bobadil; a Cyrus; a Mercury, who could neither fly nor skip; a brilliant Night; a Laplander melting with heat; two harlequins, the one short and thick, like a Dutch dumpling, but exceedingly agile; a whimsical harlequiness; a girl with a fool's cap on and a rattle in her hand, led by her governess; flower girls, orange girls, milk girls, and female haymakers, and a devil resembling neither human, mythological, nor hellish being. There were fancy and old English dresses in abundance, and the usual *quantum* of nuns, friars, sailors, witches, etc. There were bands of music in several apartments. Before the collation saloon was opened tea and orgeat were distributed. In the apartment where the sideboards were set out, there were cold fowls, tongues, etc., with Madeira, Vidonia, Port, Lisbon, Mountain, and Rhenish wines.

In this year the winter costume of ladies is given as follows:—

DRESS OF THE MONTH AS ESTABLISHED IN ST. JAMES'S AND AT TAVISTOCK STREET.

Full Dress.—The ladies in general still wear their hair dressed high, broad at top, with large flies, and a feather on the left side. *Negliges* of rich, plain-colored silks or satins, very much trimmed with chenille and gauze fancy trimmings, and ornamented with tassels of different colors—hoops and drop earrings—colored shoes and small rose buckles.

Undress.—French jackets or Jesuit dresses, with short gauze or silk aprons—or night-gowns with round cuffs and double robings—flat hat-bonnets with half handkerchief and lappet to hang behind—cloaks of a middling length behind and very long before, of white or colored satin, lined with skin, with muffs to match, or of black mode, lined with white and trimmed with broad laces—colored slippers, small roses.

The master of the ceremonies at Bath, about the year 1780, publishes an apology in which he states that the great extension of the city has put it out of his power to keep himself regularly informed of arrivals. He requests that they will cause their names and addresses to be inserted in the book kept in the Pump Room.

On Sunday evenings non-subscribers were admitted to promenade in the Assembly Rooms; gentlemen paying one shilling and ladies sixpence, tea included. No cards were allowed on Sundays, and no hazard or unlawful game at any time.

Of the bath we get a delightful picture in Anstey's "New Bath Guide," in Mr. Simkin's letter to his mother:—

'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall;

And to-day many persons of rank and condition
Were boiled by command of an able physician.

It should be observed that the fair patients were attired in flannels during their boiling.

He subsequently sketches the minuet graphically.

At the sound of the hautboy, the bass, and the fiddle,

Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
Like a hollyhock, noble, majestic, and tall.

Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball —

How he puts on his hat with a smile on his face,

And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace !

How gently he offers Miss Carrot before us,

Miss Carrot Fitz Oozer, a niece of Lord Porus !

How nimbly he paces, how active and light !

One never can judge of a man at first sight,

But as near as I guess, from the size of his calf,

He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.

At a public breakfast given by my Lord Ragamuffin —

The company made a most brilliant appearance,

And ate bread and butter with great perseverance ;

All the chocolate, too, that my lord set before 'em,

The ladies despatched with the utmost decorum.

Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns' and the clarions' echoing sound.

It is recorded that, at public breakfasts of this description, the company were regaled with hot buttered rolls. Beau Nash appears to have ruled very ably at Bath during the first half of the century, and to have done much to benefit the place in aiding the architects in those works which have rendered Bath one of the most perfect classical cities in the world ; and his charity seems to have been unbounded. It is rather painful to read Smollett's anecdote concerning him in "Roderick Random." When Roderick enters the Assembly Room with the deformed, though not altogether ill-looking, Miss Snapper, the eyes of all present were turned upon them with many contemptuous smiles and tittering observations. The Beau took it upon himself to gratify their ill-nature still further by exposing the lady to the edge of his wit. Approaching with many bows and grimaces, he welcomed her to Bath, and then, in the hearing of all present, asked

her if she could inform him of the name of Tobit's dog.

She replied with the utmost vivacity that his name was Nash, and an impudent dog he was. Roderick says that the Beau endeavored to compose himself by taking snuff and forcing a smile ; but that he was obliged to sneak off in a very ludicrous attitude. Roderick's *Dulcinea* was applauded to the skies for the brilliancy of her wit, and her acquaintance immediately courted by the best people of both sexes in the room.

Nash usually seems, however, to have been supreme ; for he once desired the Duchess of Queensberry to remove an apron of rich lace which she wore, and he himself threw it to an attendant. And he would not suffer the princess Amelia to have a single dance after the conclusion of the ball.

In the summer he proceeded to Tunbridge Wells in a chariot drawn by six grey horses, and preceded by outriders blowing French horns. His three-cornered cocked hat was invariably white, and gold-laced. He and Richardson, Dr. Johnson, Colley Cibber, the Earl of Chatham, and Garrick are represented in a well-known old picture of the Parade, or Pantiles. A century ago, Lord North, Cumberland (the Sir Fretful Plagiary), Lord Mansfield, Erskine, as we learn from Rogers's "Memorials," and Michael Kelly (the singer) had taken their places. "Miss Peggy Banks," says Richardson, "was the belle when I first came down to Tunbridge Wells, yet she had been so many seasons here that she obtained but a faint and languid attention ; so that the smarts began to put her down in their list of 'had beens.' The 'sweet-tempered' Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, was the next triumphant toast." These ladies and their great hoops had given place to the Duchess of Leinster, who accidentally meets on Mount Ephraim and welcomes Kelly when he comes to stay with Cumberland. Judging from Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, Miss Cumberland must have been one of the beauties of the Wells.

Kelly relates that Cumberland promised him and Bannister a great treat on the evening before their departure. When the cloth was laid for supper, in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it. The two actors' appetites were very properly prepared for the mysterious dainty by the bracing air of Tunbridge Wells. But when the cover was

removed a manuscript play lay upon the dish. "There, my boys," said Cumberland; "there is the treat which I promised you; that, sirs, is my 'Tiberius,' in five acts; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote."

"Will the reader believe," writes Kelly, in his "Reminiscences," "that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the first three acts; but seeing violent symptoms of sleep coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and that in the morning he would treat us before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed!"

Kelly writes of the evening of his arrival, that he dined pleasantly with Cumberland and his wife, an agreeable old lady, and Bannister; but the wine was scarce, though excellent in quality. Cumberland sent him to sleep afterwards by reading one of his own comedies. After supper upon a cold mutton bone and red wine and water, he says that "the bard conducted us to our bedrooms. The apartment in which I was to sleep was his study; he paid me the compliment to say that he had a little tent bed put up there which he always appropriated to his favorite guest. 'The book-case at the side,' he added, 'was filled with his own writings.'

"I bowed and said, 'I dare say, sir, I shall sleep very soundly.'

"'Ah! very good,' said he; 'I understand you—a hit, a palpable hit; you mean, being so close to my writings they will act as a soporific! Well, God bless you—you are a kind creature to come into the country and listen to my nonsense. *Buenos noches*, as we say in Spain. I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning, for I think with Lord Falkland, who said that he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.'"

In suggestiveness of the appearance of the old Assembly Rooms at Tunbridge Wells, the summer fashions of 1781 may be quoted from the descriptions of the king's birthday ball on June 4.

The King wore a stone-colored silk coat with diamond epaulet and star. The Queen was in white, with silver tissue, ornamented with bows bordered with brilliants. The

Princess Royal's dress was a fawn-colored silver tissue, ornamented with festoons of white silver tissue, bordered by green. The Prince of Wales wore a bright-colored pink silk coat, richly embroidered with silver, and a waistcoat of silver tissue. The gentlemen's dresses were, for the greater part, spring silks with flowered borders. Those of the ladies were of white, straw color, and green lustring, most beautifully trimmed with gauze and tiffany, and interspersed with natural and artificial flowers.

At Tunbridge Wells the company met early *en déshabille*, to drink the waters to the music of hautboys and fiddles in the orchestra in the centre of the Parade. Both ladies and men wore light dimity suits, but at eleven o'clock they met in the Episcopal chapel in full dress. After the daily prayers they again resorted to the Parade for cards or coquetry. The newspapers were to be seen in the coffee house, and ladies made a favorite resort of the pastry-cooks'. In the library a book was kept for the effusions of poetasters, which were usually of the China shepherdess order of verse. This book has been printed and published under the title of "Tunbrigalia."

The following is an average specimen of the muse of the *macaronis* of this period:—

Cupid and Venus one day strove

To warm Amintor's heart,

And give him all the joys of love,

The joys without the smart.

Says Venus, "Then let ev'ry maid

Bestow a fav'rite grace."

"No, mama," Cupid, smiling, said,

"Let's show him Celia's face."

After dining at the Ordinary many of the gentlemen played a game at bowls in the garden behind Pottinger's—the Sussex Inn—or smoked their pipes and looked on. In about the year 1780 donkeys were introduced, and became fashionable for ladies. Previously, those who had been ordered equestrian exercise for their health were accustomed to ride over the common on pillions behind their cavaliers. In the evenings whist, picquet, quadrilles, etc., entertained the visitors four times a week, and ball assemblies twice. It is related that while the gentlemen were performing their minuets or country dances inside the Assembly Rooms, it was customary for the tradespeople and servants to dance to the music, outside the rooms, on the Pantiles. Three shops now stand on the site of the old Assembly Rooms in the centre of the Parade.

Contrasting with the pleasures or frivolities of Bath a century ago the fashionable evangelicalism must not be forgotten. The Countess of Huntingdon had founded there the first chapel of her "connexion," a structure of Gothic design, with three eagles at the upper end for pulpit and reading-desks. Herein the lively, though earnest, advocate and chancellor Erskine, between the periods of his naval and military service, in 1768, became associated with a very serious display of the liveries of woe. His father, the Earl of Buchan, had been a regular attendant at the chapel. Of his obsequies Whitefield says: "All has been awful, and more than awful. On Saturday the corpse was taken from Buchan House, a word of exhortation was given, and a hymn sung in the room where it lay; the young earl, with his hand on the head of the coffin, the countess dowager on his right, Lady Anne and Lady Isabel on his left, and their brother Thomas next to their mother with a few friends. On Sunday morning all attended in mourning at the early sacrament. They were seated by themselves at the foot of the corpse, and, with their servants, received first, and a particular address made to them." At the funeral service, preached by Whitefield, at eleven o'clock on the same day, —

The coffin being deposited on a space railed in for the purpose, the bereaved relations sat in order within, and their domestics outside, the rail. Three hundred tickets of admission, signed by the present earl, were given to the nobility and gentry. Ever since there hath been public service and preaching twice a day. This is to be continued till Friday next — then all is to be removed to Bristol, in order to be shipped to Scotland.

Tunbridge Wells appears to have rejoiced in an exemplary clergyman, the Rev. Martin Benson, according to Cumberland's "Autobiography." This "Sir Fretful Plagiary" settled at Tunbridge Wells after he had been, as he conceives, extremely ungratefully treated by the ministry under Lord North; as they would not reimburse him for expenses connected with his mission to Spain during the period of the American war. He consequently retired to Tunbridge Wells and continued to write voluminously — plays, a poem after Milton, and a novel called "Henry," etc. But he says that he can forgive the ministry for the sake of Lord North; when he calls to mind "the hours he passed with that nobleman in the darkness of his latter days." There was

a charm in his genius. His house was in the Grove, and he would take Cumberland's arm, to be conducted to the Pan-tiles, and endeavor to recollect the situation of the steps, etc. "He enjoyed a vivid recollection of the pictures of men and books which he had seen."

Cumberland relates that he held a conversation with Primate Robinson respecting the number of seceders who, in times of past laxity, had fallen off from the established mode of worship, and gone astray after strange and whimsical teachers. The primate remarked: "If you wish to get these people back again, you must sing them in. They won't come to your preaching; but they have itching ears, and will listen to a hymn or an anthem; and you have an organ."

"Our rural choir," Cumberland continues, "soon became conspicuous for its merits. Mr. Benson's admonitions, backed up by our melodies, thinned the ranks of the seceders; and a certain female apostle was deserted by her closest congregation, and thenceforth devoted herself to a favorite monkey, who profited more by her caresses."

Cumberland says that Tunbridge Wells had a certain number of residents throughout the year in his days; and that the morning papers reached them by dinner-time, and the evening papers by breakfast next morning. He seems to have derived much gratification from the society of Lord Sackville, whose house of Stonelands, also known as Buckhurst Park, is at about five miles' distance from the Wells. He relates that Lord Sackville took his last leave of Lord Mansfield at Stonelands in 1785. The latter, who was then about eighty years of age, was much disturbed and affected by the death-like character of the countenance of his friend. Cumberland observes that his manner had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shown.

Five years previously Lord Mansfield had appeared to great advantage in his refusal to accept recompense for the loss of his valuable library, etc., in the Gordon riots.

He wrote, in answer to an official request for a statement: "Besides what is irreparable, my pecuniary loss is great. But how great soever that loss may be, I think it does not become me to claim or expect reparation from the State. I have made up my mind to bear my misfortune as I ought; with this consolation that it came from those whose object

manifestly was general confusion and destruction at home, in addition to a dangerous and complicated war abroad."

Although the hours of the public rooms at Bath were so uncompromisingly regular, it by no means follows that there were no later private dissipations. A Windsor correspondent of the *Westminster Review* for August, 1781, writes that, on the prince's birthday, —

There was a grand ball at the Castle, which did not break up till five the next morning, and was remarkably brilliant and crowded.

The entertainment was upon the same plan as those given by his Majesty at the Queen's palace; with this difference, that the three tables were in one room, viz. St. George's Hall. Their Majesties, Prince Edward, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth; Duchess of Argyll, Ladies Effingham, Egremont, and Weymouth supped at a small table facing the company, under a canopy. . . . The Prince of Wales danced with Lady Augusta Campbell, etc., etc. . . . Their Majesties, etc., supped at twelve o'clock, and retired at five.

The general habits of the period suggest agreeable suppers after the assemblies at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, with perhaps china bowls of punch or silver jugs of bishop to render the evening festive. Cards in private as well as public are indicated when Mr. Simkin writes: —

A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet
Captain Cormorant won, when I played lansquenet:
Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt.

Late hours are suggested in the description of the ladies.

For indeed they look very much like apparitions

When they come in the morning to hear the musicians,

And some I am apt to mistake at first sight

For the mothers of those I have seen over night.

—I'm griev'd to the heart when I go to the pump.

The idea appears to exist that it is only of late years that ladies have dined in public rooms, and that *tables d'hôte* are a recent institution in England so far as the admission thereto of ladies is concerned; but the "New Bath Guide" shows that this is a delusion. Mr. Simkin writes: —

For persons of taste and true spirit, I find,
Are fond of attracting the eyes of mankind,
—'Tis this that provokes Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek

To dine at the ord'nary twice in a week,

Though at home she might eat a good dinner in comfort,

Nor pay such a cursed extravagant sum for 't;
But then her acquaintance would never have known

Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek had acquired the *bon ton*.

In dirty weather the ladies clattered about on pattens. A sedan-chair appears in a picture of the bath in about 1728; in which year the princess Amelia journeyed all the way from London in a sedan-chair. At this date the bath and the statue of Prince Bladud were quite open to the street. In a picture of the North Parade of about 1780 a gouty gentleman is represented in the "bath-chair" upon wheels.

A "patent" was obtained for the theatre in 1768. The Rev. E. Palmer writes that Bath boasts of having given to the world, amongst a constellation of lesser stars, old Edwin, King, Henderson, Diamond, Abingdon, and Siddons. Amongst the pieces performed in 1782-83, "The Fashionable Lover," "The Mysterious Husband," and "Love in a Village" eminently suggest the comedy and opera of the period.

From The Field.

LORD BUTE'S BEAVERS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "About a month ago, staying in Rothesay, I went to visit what is there known as the beaver wood, and venture to send you a description of what I then saw; and after will describe a visit of two days ago, when all was changed. In Bute the beaver wood is almost the most interesting show of the island. Driving past the woods of Mount Stewart, and seeing the magnificent mansion Lord Bute is now erecting, we come to a strip of fir plantation about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and are informed it is the beaver wood. An old, intelligent man, who has charge, volunteers to show us all he can. His heart seems allied to his charges, and really fond he is of describing what he has seen. A scramble over a walk, a walk of a quarter of a mile through a covert, and we come to the beaver inclosure. The inclosure is simply made by a wall about three feet high, and wire paling another three feet. The belt of trees before mentioned runs through the whole, with a small burn entering at one end and running out at the other. This inclosed space gave the

beavers the necessary running water, growing trees, and also captivity. The inclosure was made, and two pairs of beavers brought from Canada about eight years ago. Now commenced the most interesting engineering exploits (I speak as an engineer) ever executed by an animal in the British Isles. The four beavers found that the most advantageous position to build their first dam was at the outlet of their confined space; but their house must be started. A small dam was constructed in an advantageous position, and the house was commenced; also the dam No. 1 was proceeded with. A description of the house I will give presently. In constructing the dams, the greatest ingenuity must have been exercised, and I have only time to describe some of the most salient points governing the construction. The trees bordering the burn were invariably felled to be of advantage in forming props to sustain a dam. In one case of a tree felled the branches themselves would almost form a dam, in another a prop, in another a tree felled half-way up would form the main support, and so on; but every tree felled showing the greatest ability for construction and security against floods and storms. Sticks and mud combined, appeared to construct a sound and sufficiently watertight embankment. In the inclosure and up the burn, five embankments of this character were constructed, and always kept in good and sound repair; apparently to secure facility for feeding and security from danger. From each dam a few entrances were made to burrows running perhaps fifteen or twenty yards from the water underground; but all entrances were under water; and, wherever beavers were at work, a flap of a tail on the surface of the water would send all to imagined security. Their house was constructed more like a Caffir hut than anything else. It was in the big dam, and stood about five feet out of the water, being carefully covered with mud, and having a ventilating shaft in the centre, constructed of sticks placed crosswise. Two entrances into this huge beehive, opposite each other, and under water, gave access to the beavers, and it was supposed that either gave access to the centre of the house. But nothing of this was known. We walked by a portion of the big dam which the beavers had to form against a masonry wall; but not believing in the skilled labor of the Scotch artisan, they dug below to the solid ground, and put in their stick and mud

embankment, regardless of stone and masonry. Of course, being in the daytime, we could not see the beavers themselves. The keeper told us that, about twelve months ago, he counted twenty-two at once, but could not say what there were at present. He was then much surprised to learn some had to be caught to send to the Fisheries Exhibition, and hoped it could be managed. Two days ago I went to see how the capture had been conducted, and if successful. This has made me write these few lines. *Two* beavers sent to the exhibition — destruction everywhere! I walked down the covert with the keeper; how pleasant! A roe darted from us, a brace of grouse off the moor near at hand, and then to the beaver inclosure; but what a wreck! Every dam broken through, their burrows dug out, their house a mass of ruins. I asked, 'Where are the beavers?' 'Dead!' said the keeper; 'over a hundred people were here watching, and trampling, and assisting, and frightening.' It was pitiful to see the house pulled down and scattered about; the burrows, with their new clean tree shavings, constructed by themselves, all to be dug up and knocked about for the sake of a capture. Had Lord Bute known the difficulty, I am sure he is too much of a naturalist, and of too kindly a disposition, to have allowed this to be done. But the beavers are exterminated, their splendid work is demolished, and one of the most interesting zoological sights in the British Isles is a thing of the past. This is worth reflecting on when one sees those two poor beavers in the Fisheries Exhibition. In justice to the keeper, I should say he could do nothing, as he is comparatively a cripple, and his superiors were present. In the process of demolition, the construction of the 'house' interested the keeper very much. It was found to be divided into two compartments, and the two entrances met half-way round the house, then an inclined passage took them into the centre of the house. The construction of the floor, roof, rafters, etc., was of a primitive but substantial character, all showing the constructive ability of the beaver." We are at a loss to understand how or why the capture of two beavers should necessitate the death of twenty others, and I trust that there may be some mistake in the report. No doubt the survivors had had a great scare, and are probably living. Let us hope they will live to reconstruct their house.